

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## Around Town.

In her biographical history of her husband, Lady Isabel Burton tells how, on first meeting Sir Richard, she knew that she would be his wife. It was at Boulogne; she was out driving with friends and he was walking. They met on the dusty road, eyed each other, whereupon, as the carriage bowed away, Lady Isabel turned to her companions and said: "That man will marry me." Years afterwards the bold prophecy was fulfilled. As the occupants of the carriage are probably dead they cannot be cross-examined by anyone inclined to be skeptical as to this bit of prophecy. It is quite possible, of course, that a young lady should make such a remark, for young ladies are very silly in their talk sometimes. Lady Isabel does not tell us how many other men she spotted at first sight as her future husband. Such little vanities are soon for-

gette that any other man ever loved as he does. In grief no one else ever grieved so intensely; in suffering, no one else ever was racked with such agony. Look at the Falls of Niagara and suppose that each separate drop of water were endowed with consciousness. Would not each drop as it flew over the precipice, whether dissolved in spray or pounded with terrific force down to the bottom of the bed beneath, consider its own experience unique? Its own pleasures and sorrows would be more acute and engrossing than those of any other in the whole broad torrent. No companion drop would feel such an exquisite thrill, nor would any preceding or succeeding one. Yet if you sit on the bank hour after hour and day after day you will not be able to observe the slightest variation in that endless downpour of water. Even the little spurring stream that shoots through an isolated crevice preserves its eccentricities through the hours, days and years. As the populace of the eternal realms stand an

observant people have noticed it, and you can ascertain it for yourself by enquiring into the private history of writers of the most popular love stories. A woman whose marriage has been a happy one is too well aware that happiness has been the result, mostly, of matter-of-fact causes to rhapsodize on the subject. A divorced woman, on the other hand, finding marriage in her case a failure, attributes it to the lack of heroic and glowing affection in her late husband, and calls up from the past the intangible dreams of her girlhood. She can write on love and depict love scenes that will exquisitely engage thousands of fair readers, but she cannot equal the old maid novelist. Here is a woman who has been seeding the skies for her crop of vegetables. She will write a love story, and from first to last never give her hero one square meal. He may be permitted to nibble cake and sip coffee on the lawn, but sometimes a romance will extend over years without the

unto her. Sometimes she thinks what a fine man he must be, but it is not a man's figure that fills her heart—only the boy as she knew him. If she should meet him now, with whiskers, bald forehead and a bad cigar between his false teeth, she would shriek and place herself under the escort of a policeman. She would not recognize him from any other gross fellow with an indecent acreage of vest. Perhaps some wandering, worthless chap whom you have booted off your doorstep has his boyish memory cherished this way in some old maid's heart, and perhaps the old maid is right, they were designed for each other and the failure of the design spelt the failure of both their lives.

When last before the people the Sunday car question was a comparatively tame issue compared with what it is now. How to account for the increased acrimony unless on the ground that the opponents of the change feel

and hymned out of my church until after this matter is settled, one way or the other. It is not surprising that those who have in this way been "excommunicated" because their honest convictions differ from those of their pastors, should accuse their pastors of offensive self-confidence, if they give it no worse name. It will not be surprising if some fail to recover from the spiritual indignities that have been inflicted upon them in the places where they have long been accustomed to worship. Thousands of those who honestly believe in a means of public conveyance on Sunday are church-going people, trying to live upright lives, to assist the gospel in its good work at home and abroad, and it is not pleasant for these to sit in pews and hear the pulpit accuse them of trying to introduce the continental Sunday, beer-gardens and brothels, and of being enemies to God and all goodness. Such people, in being true to their beliefs and to escape insult, can do



CALLED TO THE LIFEBOAT.

By Albert Starling.

gotten, whereas if there is the smallest peculiarity about the first meeting with the one whom in the end she really marries, a girl will cherish and magnify it into something far beyond the common. When the girl becomes a widow of fifty or sixty the very ordinary trifle that marked that first meeting has grown into a positively supernatural event, and, to hear the old lady tell about it with pious fervor, one is led to suppose that in arranging that love affair the entire business of heaven was suspended for an interval. Yet at the very moment of that first meeting there may have been a million other first meetings the world over, each one every whit as singular, as miraculous and important to those who met as the case in point. Probably there never was a boy who at a certain raw period of his life did not feel that he was the perfect effect the Creator had been striving for since the beginning, and that previous generations had been sent to prepare for the grand finale of his coming. His parents, relatives and friends were mighty nice people, as people went, but, of course, they could not feel so vital with life as he. It is hard to describe the feeling, but any honest reader who has experienced the ebullient thrill of healthy human nature in process of development can recall it for himself. When he is really in love a man is the same way. He cannot con-

ceive that any other man ever loved as he does. In grief no one else ever grieved so intensely; in suffering, no one else ever was racked with such agony. Look at the Falls of Niagara and suppose that each separate drop of water were endowed with consciousness. Would not each drop as it flew over the precipice, whether dissolved in spray or pounded with terrific force down to the bottom of the bed beneath, consider its own experience unique? Its own pleasures and sorrows would be more acute and engrossing than those of any other in the whole broad torrent. No companion drop would feel such an exquisite thrill, nor would any preceding or succeeding one. Yet if you sit on the bank hour after hour and day after day you will not be able to observe the slightest variation in that endless downpour of water. Even the little spurring stream that shoots through an isolated crevice preserves its eccentricities through the hours, days and years. As the populace of the eternal realms stand an

record showing that the lovers ever ate a bite. Men are not so built. Men eat. Those who don't are dead, and those who only eat a little are half-dead and it requires the patience of a trained nurse to endure them. But this is where all old-maids are amiss, whether they write novels or not. They look up to the clouds for men, not knowing that, like potatoes, men grow in the dirt. The old maid novelist creates a hero who is handsome, gentle, athletic, tender, fond. He is the dream of her youth, doted over until he has become a god. She depicts him on paper and all girl readers join in his worship. The reason why a woman who has never married can write most fascinatingly about love and lovers, is that her ideal has never been dispelled but has been cherished unchanged, save for a tinge of pathos that makes it more vivid and dear to her heart. Though the roses have withered and fallen from her cheeks, and the ruby has faded from her lips, yet, often when alone she dreams of what ought to have been. Generally some boyish acquaintance of her early days whose path led far away from hers, is exalted to the place of honor in her reveries. If fate had not thrown them apart, she thinks their lives would have become one. Through all the years with their many changes she fondles the memory of that boy. He becomes glorified

its approaching shadow upon them, I cannot see. But the heat and unreasonableness is observable on both sides. If you are a moderate man and begin mildly arguing your side of the question with a friend on the cars or boats, you are soon reinforced by some hot-headed bystander whose arguments are absurd and whose temper is very hot. Very few see two sides to the question at all. Those who favor the cars are stigmatized either as workers in the devil's cause or tools of the Street Railway company. It is doubtful at the present moment whether the great original enemy of souls or President McKenzie is considered the more dangerous fiend by some of the city clergymen. On the other hand those who oppose the Sunday cars are accused of bigotry, hypocrisy, and every motive save honest conviction. It is positive that honest conviction does actuate the great bulk of people on both sides of the dispute. I do not hold a brief to defend the clergy from charges of bigotry and self-seeking in the controversy, but will say that I am sure every clergyman of my personal acquaintance is sincere in opposing the innovation. Believing that the running of public conveyances on Sunday would confer physical benefit upon the people without doing them spiritual injury, it follows that I, like hundreds of others in the city, have been preached, prayed

nothing but remain away from the church they have labored to create and helped to maintain, until the vote is taken, for if they attend they will acquire the bad habit of resenting the preacher and turning sullen ears towards him. If they carry away a reduced quantity of respect for the pastor who showed no respect for their honest convictions, it will be natural.

For reasonable men I would like to submit a few points in a reasonable spirit. (1) Rev. D. J. Macdonnell has written a letter defending the clergy from the charge of bigotry. It is not remarkable that they should be accused of intolerance, when, despite the fact that a great many church members favor Sunday cars, the pulpit arbitrarily divides the question into one of God against the devil, heaven against hell.

(2) The Ministerial Association decided that the question was one which they as citizens would seize upon; as Rev. Macdonnell puts it, "they should act simply as citizens along with their fellow citizens." The contention sometimes raised that clergymen are not taxpayers and should not interfere in such a matter as this, is foolish. Many of them pay taxes, and those who do not are better fitted to approach most questions than thousands of laymen who pay big tax-bills. To drive their influence, if it were possible, from public affairs would



weaken the social structure. But after deciding to act as citizens the clergy rushed to their pulpits and there, safe from pursuit and exalted above the realm of argument, turned God's house into a committee room for a cause, which they themselves had just declared to be civic. (3) To hear the speakers against Sunday cars one would conclude that this was a struggle between the Street Railway Company on the one hand and Christianity and the City of Toronto on the other. Seven thousand citizens and more, with a spontaneity that was astonishing, signed petitions asking the City Council to put the matter to a vote. To ignore this and put a false face on the movement is scarcely honest. The company will probably benefit from the running of cars; it benefits from running them on week days, but the people benefit most, and the ratio of benefit would be preserved on Sunday. The contingency of Sunday cars was included in the tender of the company when it purchased the road. (4) The statement is made that "every honest man who signed the original petition has since withdrawn his name." This shows how hot and reckless people are becoming in their statements. A score may have withdrawn out of seven thousand. I signed the petition, have not withdrawn my name, and I am an honest man. It is to be hoped that there are others among seven thousand citizens. (5) Some claim that the change would force seven days' work on the men. A driver tells me that there are now about eighty of the motormen and conductors who only get from one to three days work per week, and that applicants without number would gladly accept even this partial employment if they could get it. There are hundreds of men in town to-day whose grievance is not "overwork." (6) If it were not for the street cars the well-to-do man would not walk in going to and from and pursuing his business. He would keep a horse, but as modern necessities have evolved the street car as a co-operative conveyance, he foregoes a horse and uses the cars. Had he a horse he would be free as air to use it on the first day of the week as on other days; why, then, should he, by subscribing to the co-operative conveyance which has been found a modern necessity, find himself stranded one day in seven while others drive by him? He is at liberty to withdraw from the co-operative system, buy a rig of his own and rattle about if he chooses. If co-operation is wise for six days, why not for the remaining day? (7) It was argued, when this question was previously up for discussion, that the street car horses would be worked seven days a week. The argument appealed to the humane, and many voted against cars on that ground. The ground has now been reversed. Horses are driven sweating about the city last Sunday, whereas electricity may relieve more than half of them if the citizens speak the humane word. These are a few of many points that should be considered without heat and taken for what they are worth.

Ex Premier Mercier of Quebec has been over to Boston and Fall River on one of those periodic visits of French-Canadian politicians, and as usual has stowed away a few square meals and made a few maudlin speeches. He urged his compatriots in the United States to organize as Irishmen had done and raise money to assist in liberating Quebec from the thralldom of English rule. He didn't explain what he proposed doing with the money, but since he was driven from the treasury benches he must feel the need of some public or trust fund with which he could be on companionable terms. He said his compatriots in the United States had gone there "to gain an honest living, which they are denied in their own country, owing to the narrow English constitution and influences they lived under." There is an aroma of dishonesty floating about the name, person and cardinal breeches of Count Mercier, that makes this statement extremely funny. Judging from the record of many French Canadian public men there is some "influence" that prevents them making honest livings, but it is not clear to the naked eye how the constitution and English influence is responsible for their dishonesty. The "narrow constitution" was broad enough for the electorate of the Province to parade upon last election day and drive this brigand chief and his organization to the four winds. English influence has furnished the energy that prevented Montreal from falling into such barren quietude that the dogs could sleep on the centre of the highways at noonday, and the lonesome crows could bespeak their solitude from the rickety housetops. Wherever the Anglo-Canadian has been able to wedge his way through the repelling front of French-Canadian exclusiveness there has immediately arisen the smoke of commerce and the song of the reaper voicing his gladness for abundant crops. Almost by violence have been introduced into Quebec those modern ideas and methods of life and government that distinguishes this century from the last, and yet, here is Mercier going to Boston with the story that "the narrow English constitution and influence" prevent his countrymen from progressing as they should.

But another French Canadian has spoken and without intending it, has furnished a prompt and effectual answer to the absurd statements of Mercier. Hon. Wilfred Laurier has raised up trouble for himself by speaking the truth, frankly telling his compatriots that they live too much in the past, hugging old ideas and resisting the spirit of the age and country to which they belong. His speech was delivered at the recent St. Jean Baptiste banquet, and among other things he said: "In this profoundly Catholic country the ideas of Louis Veillot have long been current, and many others among us, by their example, exalting the past, have like him anathematized modern liberty, modern progress. Let those who remember that Louis Veillot when alive filled his books with imprecations upon all the developments of modern life, the Parliamentary regime, steam, electricity, railways, telegraph, received on his deathbed by telegraph, yes, by telegraph, the Pontifical benediction, and that all the objects of his imprecations have received in our day the approbation of the great Pope Leo XIII." This

fearless statement, the courage of which can but dimly be understood in Ontario has raised a great rumpus in the Ultramontane element of Lower Canada. But, there it is in a nutshell, and Laurier has defended his position by writing letters to the press, showing that Veillot's teachings are as he indicated in his speech. This living in the past, this standing dead and indifferent to the achievements of modern invention and ignoring the mechanical and social advancements, is the real cause of the chronic ailment in Quebec. To be sure, if one family, or a dozen families, or a hundred families, pull up by the roots, go far away and merge with a progressive people, they will get along better than those who remain at home under the pall of such reactionary influences as Laurier depicts. In the first place those who have the energy to pull up and escape from a numbing influence that they in their single strength are unable to resist, are more highly endowed with the elements that make up success, than those who submit and drone their lives away. In the second place they have moved out into the nineteenth century.

Laurier, with knightly courage, has thrown down the gauntlet to the formidable enemy of his race. The truths which he speaks have often been spoken in malice and bitterness by public men and journalists in Ontario, but advice is never taken from outsiders who study to be offensive. At last the most distinguished and popular of the French-Canadians, whose faith will be unquestioned, has set himself the task of overcoming an evil with which he and his kind have all along dallied and made peace.

**Fresh Air Fund:**  
Previously acknowledged.....\$47 00  
Concert at Jackson's Point.....\$15 50  
Total.....\$62 50

#### Social and Personal.

Lakeview House, Jackson's Point, was on the night of July 29, the scene of a pleasant gathering. The summer tourists in full enjoyment of all the delights afforded by land and water, were kindly moved to help to like enjoyment others not so fortunate as themselves. A concert was therefore given in aid of the fresh air fund. Parlor and dining-room were transformed into a musical hall, which was gaily decorated, and filled with a large and picturesque audience. The following program was capitally rendered:

1. Piano Solo.....Miss Kinnear  
2. Song.....Mr. Harborton  
3. Vocal Duet.....Mrs. J. H. Lawrence  
4. Dance.....Miss Mary Jane Morrison  
5. Piano Solo.....Mrs. J. H. Lawrence  
6. Song.....Miss Saunders  
7. Song.....Mrs. Smith  
8. Song.....Mr. Angus Morrison  
9. Song.....Miss Bridgland  
10. Vocal Quartette.....Messdames Lawrence, Smith, and the Misses Bridgland.  
Guitar accompaniment by Miss Bridgland.

A small entrance fee was charged and the goodly sum of \$15 50 was realized to be duly sent to the fresh air fund.

Mrs. W. F. Turnbull and family are spending the summer at Crow's Nest Cottage, Lake Couchiching.

Misses Eleanor and Lillian Forbes of Chicopee Falls are visiting their aunt, Mrs. L. J. Cosgrave. Miss Forbes has won a name as an elocutionist.

Miss Maggie Cosgrave has returned from a pleasant visit at Grimsby Park.

Mr. Theo. S. Chatterton of the Bank of Toronto, St. Catharines, passed through Toronto this week to proceed to Cobourg as ledger-keeper there. Although he is very much missed by his many friends at St. Catharines, all are glad to hear of his promotion.

Col. Fairlie of London, England, who is going round the world, spent a few days with Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Collins, 464 Wellesley street. Col. Fairlie had not seen Mr. and Mrs. Collins for thirty years.

Mrs. C. W. Dennis is spending the summer at King's Ferry, N. Y.

Col. and Mrs. Webb of Spokane Falls, Wash., and Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Simmons of Evergreen Villa, Colborne, have returned home. While in Toronto they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. T. Fred Webb of Inglewood, Avenue road hill.

Mr. and Mrs. Suckling, sr., returned from Europe on Wednesday. They have been away nearly three years.

Doctor and Mrs. D. A. Dobie will be at home on Tuesdays after August 1st.

Miss A. B. Dell, secretary of the Toronto Humane Society, is spending her vacation with friends in Deseronto and Bay of Quinte district.

Miss Dallas and Miss Eleanor Dallas of Maitland street are spending the month of August at Prout's Neck, Maine.

There was a large gathering of Toronto people at Niagara last Saturday, among whom were Rev. Charles Scadding and Mrs. Scadding of Toledo who are so well known in Toronto. The Oriole with a large party of ladies and gentlemen was over, while Commodore Boswell's Vreda with a party including Mr. W. H. Cawthra, Mr. G. J. Bristol, Mr. Hugh Hartshorne, Mr. G. Boulton, was in port. The beautiful new yacht, Cleopatra, also steamed across the lake.

Sir Charles Tupper will sail for Canada on August 17 by the steamer Parisian.

Major General Herbert returned from England on Friday, July 28.

Hon. Frank Smith and Major Cosby arrived in Winnipeg on July 28.

At St. Philip's church, on Wednesday evening, July 26, Miss May Pearl Gray, daughter of the late Edwin Gray, was married to Mr. W. F. Lancaster of W. A. Murray & Co. The bridesmaids were the Misses Lancaster, while Messrs.

Pearson and Broadfoot were best men. Mr. and Mrs. Lancaster held a reception at 81 McKenzie crescent. Subsequently they left on a trip to the Falls and Toledo.

Miss Lillie Kleiser the soprano of this city is meeting with flattering success in the North-West.

Last Saturday evening the fine steam-yacht, Viola, under command of Commodore D. Roberts, took a large party of ladies and gentlemen to Lorne Park to participate in the dance. The sail home by moonlight was most delightful.

John Bain, Q.C., and family are at Little Metis, Quebec.

Sir Oliver Mowat is in Muskoka.

Mr. I. E. Suckling left for the World's Fair on Wednesday evening.

Hon. S. H. Blake arrived home by the Vancouver on Friday, July 28.

Capt. W. F. McMaster and Mr. S. C. Wood have left the city on a three weeks' trip to Manitoba and the Western Territories of Canada.

Miss DesBarres is at the Worden Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Mr. James Bain has been offered the librarianship of the new Reynold's Library, in Rochester, N. Y.

The Swamp Angel Angling Club, composed of Judge Morson (supervisor), Dr. Bingham, Mr. Arthur Croft, Dr. Baines, and Mr. George Bethune, left last Saturday evening for an expedition to Steel River, Lake Superior.

Mrs. R. Irving Walker and her niece, Miss Edith Fitch, are at the World's Fair.

Col. C. D. Dunford of the Ordnance Department Gibraltar and Mrs. Dunford are visiting Toronto as the guests of Dr. Larratt W. Smith.

Mrs. Saunders of Penn Yann is visiting Mrs. Charles Brown, Isabella street.

Miss Florence Baker of New York is visiting friends in this city and will deliver a series of dress reform lectures before returning home.

Mr. Andrew Crawford is on the Teutonic en route for Liverpool.

Mr. John C. Snell is on board the Kaiser Wilhelm Second, bound for Bremen and Southampton.

Mrs. H. Barnes is at Lake Minnetonka, Minn.

Mr. G. B. Smith, M.L.A., has returned from a two months' trip to France, Germany and England.

The society editor has received the following idyll of a famous Eastern watering place:

A MURRAY HAY EPISODE.  
Jack and Jill went down the hill  
To paddle on the water,  
Jill with her nose upon the nose  
And Jack fell tumbling after.  
Had to be told the water was cold  
At one o'clock in the morning;  
No moon was seen the clouds between,  
No stars the sky adorning.  
With shake and shiver up from the river,  
Climbing the hill so steep,  
Alas! so late, at the hotel gate,  
And all the world asleep.  
Oh! never more on that dark shore  
Or on the moonless water,  
Shall stars look down on Jill's ruined gown,  
With Jack fast tumbling after.

July 18, 1893. J. E. R.

Mrs. W. R. Tounley of St. Louis, Mo., is visiting friends in the city.

The lady guests of the Peninsular Park Hotel, Lake Simcoe, intend giving a hop on the evening of Saturday, August 12, when the Grand Trunk will give single rates to Barrie and return. Mrs. W. McCulloch and Mrs. Fraser Macdonald are taking great pains to make the affair a success.

The hop at Prospect House, Port Sandfield, on Thursday evening, July 27, was an extremely pleasant affair, about seventy guests of the hotel and visitors at the island being present.

Miss Nellie Piddington of St. Alban's street is spending a few weeks at the World's Fair.

Miss Susie Lear, Miss Tillie McKendry, and Miss Aida Low left on Friday for a visit to the World's Fair.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Fringle have gone to the World's Fair, via Buffalo and the lakes.

Signor Pier Delasco has returned from a delightful holiday on the Georgian Bay.

Mrs. and Master Harry Bourlier are spending no time at D. Grassi Point.

An enterprising visitor to the World's Fair was little Miss Ida Pringle, of 705 Ontario street, who returned to Toronto with her grandmother, Mrs. John Laidlaw, on Monday. Miss Ida did the fair three or four times by herself, and brought home a number of very well-chosen souvenirs to her friends in Toronto.

Miss Kirkpatrick and Master Eric Kirkpatrick will spend some time at Prout's Neck this month.

Miss Alice Maud Wilson is summing at Murray Bay.

The little bird says: That Mr. Bob Christie looks nice on his fine new wheel. That the cyclists' hearts will be in Chicago next week, wherever their bodies are. That the Queen's houseed some Austrian nobility this week. That those smoking men in the street cars are horrid. That Miss Hannaford is a charming addition to the lady cyclists of the city. That Lady Gay and Kit will have a good day together in Chicago. That Miss Phemie Smith is a pretty picture on horseback. That lots of Anglican parsons have gone fishing. That the dog-catchers are out. That cat-catchers would be a boon to the city. That Professor Hirschfelder is enthusiastic over the World's Fair. That

Capt. Pellatt's dashing rig is much admired. That Manager Suckling and the Q. O. R. are making big plans for the military tournament. That a very lovely blonde turned many heads on King street last Wednesday. That the bird wants to know her name.

There are summer girls and summer girls—the one we see about the streets of Toronto is wholesome and sweet, with clear bright eyes, firm rounded cheeks, a trifle of sun-burn and a touch of independence in the cut of her neat costume, and a free light tread that tells of tennis, and walking and firm elastic muscles. She comes in from the multiplying health resorts—Lorne Park, Long Branch, Victoria Park, Niagara, Grimsby—and if you remark a trifle more tan, and a trifle less epic and spanness, she hails from Muskoka; if she has still the air of the social circle about her, she has been lounging round piazzas at Ponetang and Jackson's Point; if she is regularly stylish, she has been to the seaside and paused in her homeward flight at the "magazines" of New York. We have lost some of our best admired summer girls this year. One misses dainty Miss Francis from the Island hops, and beautiful Miss Grancham from the tennis and picnic parties; and popular Miss MacMahon only glances at us now and then from her new home in St. Kitts. These youthful matrons we begrudge to the woosers who beguiled them from us and left us minus three very lovely and lovable summer girls. But when all our news of them is so bright and happy we must be reconciled.

Professor Loudon, president of Toronto University, and Messrs. Stewart Henderson, J. C. Patterson, Jr., and J. S. Robertson are about to start on a canoeing trip up the Gtineau River.

Rev. D. J. Macdonnell is at Capt. L. Sigle's, Murray Bay.

Mr. G. S. Holmstead is at the World's Fair.

Mrs. G. S. Holmstead is at Muskoka.

The hop at the Queen's Royal, Niagara-on-the-Lake, last Saturday evening was a grand success, and Kuhn's orchestra of Buffalo was much appreciated.

Mr. Charles H. Wilbur of New York was in town for a few days last week.

Rev. William Patterson left last Monday on a visit to his north of Ireland home.

A concert was given in Liberty Hall on Thursday evening in aid of the Port Carling rectory. Over forty dollars was cleared, the attendance being very gratifying to the promoters of the entertainment. Mr. Cockburn of Port Carling occupied the chair, and after a brief address the following programme was given:—

Song.....Nora Allen.....Mr. Blackhall  
Piano Solo.....Duetto (Mendelssohn).....Mr. Thomas  
Song.....Serenade.....Miss Labatt  
Song.....The Midshipmite.....Mr. O'Leary  
Piano Solo.....Valse (Chopin).....Miss Carter  
Song.....O Promise Me.....Mrs. Travers  
Duet (for violin and piano).....Mrs. Carter and Mr. Blackford  
Song.....The Holy City.....Miss Morton  
Song.....The River Dee.....Miss Westman  
Song.....The Star of Bethlehem.....Miss Finlay  
God Save the Queen.

The Misses Wood of St. George, Ont., daughters of W. B. Wood, M.P.P., and Miss Nellie Petrie of Ingersoll, are visiting the Misses Malcolm of Elm street.

Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Gale and child, after visiting the World's Fair, spent four weeks at Hotel Chauquaqua, Niagara-on-the-Lake, left Niagara on Tuesday, calling at Toronto and remaining over night at Mrs. Dickworth's, 50 St. George street.

Miss M. C. McKee of Ottawa is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. C. Jannett, Jarvis street.

One of the best concerts ever held in Muskoka was given on Tuesday evening last at Port Carling in aid of the Methodist Parsonage. About two hundred people were present, and testified to the pleasure they had enjoyed by the unanimous response they made to the vote of thanks, proposed by the Rev. Mr. Stonehouse, to the ladies and gentlemen who gave their services. Prof. Baker of Toronto University ably filled the position as chairman and also gave a reading. Mr. Owen A. Sully related in his usual clever way and was a host in himself. Solos were rendered by Miss Jardine Thomson, Miss K. Westman and Miss Moreton of Hamilton. They were all duly accorded, and Miss Thomson's Nightingale Song was accompanied by the guitar. Altogether

Continued on Page Eleven.

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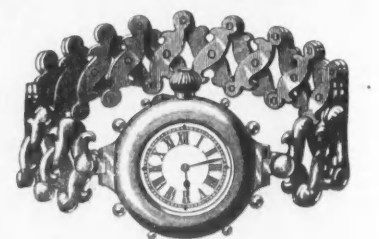
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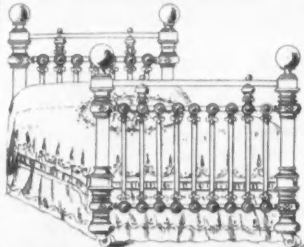
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King Street, opposite the Post Office

We regret Mrs. Mark W. July 27. Mr. shining light founders of energetic sup James' church the grave by friends on Fri Miss Minnie friends in this Last week elaborate garr friends, while dred and fift dence of Mr. able time was The Hon. W. the position city. Miss F. Lar the guests of Rev. Father Montreal and Lawrence, H. church is to be organist. A syndicate Higarty at its Myer's block assemblies next Stratford so sent at the V and many more

Tennis parties and this once fortunately was revived. A among the Mr. H. E. Mor evening was har accustomed party to tea on players and v proved a success. On the invita number of th us on Saturday the spacious A large number nessed the int in favor of the Bowmanville per brother, Mr. Punshan our club has were not in good game, b contest notwithstanding the lawn, and a most delightful Williams as a stred. She was and Morphy, as town, Mrs. M. Williams, assi and dispensing Messrs. Dick Drand have a The Billows is occupants, Mess and L. J. Cassel The lakeside year.

Messrs. Wm residents of G Mr. Alex Mi Southern Railw day in town. Hon. James A Fair Commissio of Brandon, Ma visit. Mr. Bert Lafa his parents. Miss Gertrud W. M. congreg last Sunday eve Senator Sullivan professional bus Mr. and Mrs. Mrs. Wm. Joh Oriental Isle, our beautiful su a quiet but usq last week, when Cordelia E. was late of Winn Saunders, of the officiated. The only a few were invited. Mrs. and th wa, Mr. and Mr. Montreal, Mr. trade Cole of O New York, N. Patsburg, N. Lewis of Montr onto, Miss Ka Mr. and Mrs. D. Brockville, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. King, Mr. T. Thomas South Powell, Miss G ville. The bri costume of fa brown, which ing. The pr quently expres bide was held, real, Chicago, N After a sumptu bridal party we were carriages to the G. T. R. for Oshawa, Tor apolis and Win will make their Dingle will anu church organ a in Albert Univ hind her a lar friends—probab had more—an couple the happy serve. May Irving,



## Out of Town.

## Stratford.

We regret to have to chronicle the death of Mrs. Mark Wade of this city on Thursday a.m., July 27. Mrs. Wade was one of Stratford's shining lights, being identified as one of the founders of the Stratford Hospital and an energetic supporter of and laborer in St. James' church. Her remains were followed to the grave by a large number of sorrowing friends on Friday afternoon, July 28.

Miss Minnie E. Doyle of Buffalo is visiting friends in this city.

Last week Miss Della Jones gave a very elaborate garden party to her innumerable friends, while the night before about one hundred and fifty young people met at the residence of Mr. J. E. Harding, and a very enjoyable time was spent.

The Hon. Hugh Campbell is an applicant for the position of Collector of Customs in this city.

Miss F. Larmour and sister of London are the guests of friends in the city.

Rev. Father Lusselle is visiting friends in Montreal and taking a trip down the St. Lawrence. He is much missed. St. Joseph's church is to have a new pipe organ and a new organist.

A syndicate is being formed with Mr. J. J. Hagarty at its head to secure the new hall in Myer's block to give a series of fashionable assemblies next season.

Stratford society circles are being well represented at the World's Fair. Many have gone and many more are going. QUILL DRIVER.

## Oshawa.

Tennis parties are much in vogue this year, and this once very popular game, which unfortunately was allowed to dwindle, has been revived. A tournament was held recently amongst the local players in the grounds of Mr. H. E. Morphy, and a lovely afternoon and evening was the result. Mrs. Morphy with her accustomed hospitality entertained the party to tea on the lawn. A fine photo of the players and visitors was taken on the lawn and proved a success.

On the invitation of the Oshawa Tennis Club a number of the Bowmanville players visited us on Saturday and played a friendly game on the spacious courts of Mr. Robert Williams. A large number of ladies and gentlemen witnessed the interesting game, which resulted in favor of the visitors. Miss McLaughlin of Bowmanville played a very pretty game with her brother, Mr. Arthur McLaughlin, against Mr. Pashon and Miss Masson. Unfortunately our club has not had much practice and were not in a position to put up a very good game, but there was a fairly good contest notwithstanding. Tea was served on the lawn, and a dance afterwards brought a most delightful outing to a close. Mrs. Williams as a hostess was all that could be desired. She was assisted by Mesdames Talbot and Morphy, as well as the young ladies of the town. Mrs. Moore of Toronto, a guest of Mrs. Williams, assisted in welcoming the visitors and dispensing hospitality.

Messrs. Dick Cassels, H. G. King and Wm. Drand have a pretty cottage at the lake. The Billows is again inhabited by its former occupants, Messrs. L. J. Maxwell, J. P. Owens and L. J. Cassels.

The lakeside is growing in popularity each year.

## Brockville.

Messrs. Wm. Reid and John Kyle, now residents of Gotham, are home on a visit. Mr. Alex. Mitchell, engineer-in-chief of the Southern Railway, Nova Scotia, spent Saturday in town.

Hon. James A. Smart, Manitoba's World's Fair Commissioner, Mrs. Smart and children, of Brandon, Man., are paying their old home a visit.

Mr. Bert Lafayette of New York is visiting his parents. Miss Gertrude Cole of Ottawa favored the W. M. congregation with two very fine solos last Sunday evening.

Senator Sullivan of Kings' on was in town on professional business last week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Cunningham are guests of Mrs. Wm. Johnson.

Oriental Isle, that quaintest and prettiest of our beautiful summer homes, was the scene of a quiet but unique wedding on Wednesday of last week, when Col. Cole's eldest daughter, Cordelia E., was married to Mr. W. H. Dingle, late of Winnipeg, Man. The Rev. Dr. Saunders, of the Wall street Methodist church, officiated. There were no bridesmaids, and only a few friends outside the family were invited. Among the guests were: Mrs. and the Misses Dingle of Oshawa, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Cumming of Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. and Miss Gertrude Cole of Ottawa, Mr. Eugene M. Cole of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. M. Cole of Patsburg, N. Y., Mr. James and the Misses Lewis of Montreal, Miss Letty McLean of Toronto, Miss Kathleen Phillips of Belleville, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. and Master Elmer Jones of Brockville, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Lalonde, Col. and Mrs. W. H. Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. King, Mr. T. W. A. King, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Southworth, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Powell, Miss Giles and Miss Koye of Brockville. The bride was attired in a traveling costume of fawn and blue trimmed with brown, which was both pretty and becoming. The presents were numerous, eloquently expressing the esteem in which the bride was held, coming as they did from Montreal, Chicago, New York, Winnipeg, etc., etc. After a sumptuous wedding breakfast the bridal party were ferried over to Water Niche, where carriages were in waiting to take them to the G. T. R. depot, where they took train for Oshawa, Toronto, Detroit, Chicago, Minneapolis and Winnipeg. Mr. and Mrs. Dingle will make their home in Belleville, where Mr. Dingle will assume charge of the Bridge street church organ and become Professor of Music in Albert University. Mrs. Dingle leaves behind her a large circle of sincere and warm friends—probably no young lady in the town had more—all join in wishing the young couple the happiness and prosperity they deserve.

May Irving, the celebrated actress, late of

Charles Frohman's company, is quietly spending the summer at Club Island with her sister. The Rev. W. W. Weeks has accepted a call to the Baptist church, Moncton. His departure will be greatly regretted by his congregation here.

The Rev. L. A. Betts of this town has been elected grand chaplain, A. F. & A. M., for the ensuing term.

## Mount Forest.

Mrs. McMullen gave a small party last week at Maitland Hall in honor of her guest, Miss Rolls of Arthur.

Mr. E. E. Snider, B.A., the popular science master of our High School, accompanied by Mrs. Snider, started this week for a tour on their bicycles. They go as far as Belleville, taking in Guelph, Elora, Brantford and Whitby en route.

Mr. C. A. Jones has returned from Toronto, where he has been attending the summer sessions at Trinity.

Once more has one of our girl students succeeded in winning honors. This time it has fallen to the part of Miss Lena Reid, who won the gold medal in instrumental music at the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby, where she has been attending the past term. We notice also Miss Mabel Halsted and Miss M. Felsbie are home from the Young Ladies' College, Toronto, and Miss Jessie Scott from Brantford Ladies' College.

Miss Berta McCulloch is visiting friends in Markdale.

Rev. D. M. Ramsay, pastor of Knox church, and Mrs. Ramsay are spending their vacation with Brantford friends.

Mr. A. C. Osborne, teller of the Ontario Bank, and Mrs. Osborne are spending their holidays among the Thousand Islands.

Mr. J. McMullen, M.P., has returned from the World's Fair at Chicago. His daughter, Mrs. W. H. Dickey of Kansas City, Mo., accompanied him and will be the guest of her parents for some time.

Mr. J. C. Wilder of Halsted's Bank is holidaying in Muskoka.

## Mitchell.

Rev. A. D. Dewdney, rector of the Anglican church, went on a well earned vacation down through Ontario; he also assisted at the marriage of his sister to Mr. Ammon Davis in Toronto. He is with us again now, invigorated by the change.

A few ladies and gentlemen drove over to St. Mary's last week to play a friendly game of tennis, and came back vanquished but undaunted.

About a week ago Mrs. Awty gave a very select garden party to invited guests. All the elite of the town were there. Tea was served on the lawn in a right royal manner by the Misses Awty and others. After tea several of the guests engaged in tennis, while others, in couples, strolled about the delightful grounds, and to conclude the evening there were ladies' and gentlemen's races, which were intensely enjoyed by all.

Mr. and Mrs. Kyle gave an evening party to a large circle of friends to meet their niece, Miss Vallance of Hamilton.

The wife, children and sister-in-law of Mr. W. B. Waterbury, of the Merchants' Bank, have just returned from rusticating at Port Cockburn, Muskoka. They have been very beneficially affected.

Mr. F. W. Strong, accountant of the bank, has returned with his wife and child from an enjoyable vacation in Colborne and Belleville.

A tennis match between Stratford and Mitchell took place last week, resulting in a victory for the home team in both doubles and singles. Those who played for Mitchell were: Mr. E. F. Davis, Dr. A. D. Smith, and Misses Gussie and Kate Awty. REV.

## Galt.

There is very little for the scribe, however willing, to lay to Galt's account in this issue. Our fair town is in its usual summer state of dust, dirt and drowsiness. Fashionable Galt has shaken off the dust of the place and, despite our waterworks, departed to pastures new. Our refreshing and exciting afternoon teas are no more. The lights of our glorious carnival have died out; the merry-go-round has left the Queen's square and we are indeed desolate! Few green spots in our summery deserts are, however, worth recording. Two weeks ago Pawnee Bill and his Wild West show was with us, and the aristocracy of Galt sat in the circus tent gazing with delight on the Indians of the west, and thoroughly enjoying a long looked-for treat.

Mrs. Carruthers of Chatham has been spending a week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. Goodall.

Mrs. MacWhinney of Detroit is staying with Mr. R. S. Strong.

Mrs. and Miss Lewis of Windsor are visiting Mrs. W. Lewis.

Miss Sumerville of Dundas was the guest of Mrs. Goldie last week.

Miss MacKay of Nova Scotia was visiting Mrs. James Warnock for a few days.

In spite of summer lassitude in the matter of gaieties, our list of operas is as long and brilliant as ever. According to play bills we may expect to have soon again in our midst that old and stirring drama, Uncle Tom's Cabin.

Recently several pleasant dissolutions occurred, perhaps the most noteworthy being the fancy dress fair, of girls of all nations, held in the Town hall, by a little society known under the attractive name of the S.S. Society (Select Sisters). A dozen or so of young ladies well known in the town are interested in this society, which has done excellent work during the two years of its existence, sweet charity having been the recipients of their unremitting toil. Very tasteful and pretty looked the old Town hall on Wednesday and Thursday of last week, dotted with tasteful booths representing the different countries of the world. Among others I noticed a couple of picturesque little Japs who seemed to be doing a rushing business under their big umbrellas, fair Greece made a charming picture in her white draped stall, stately Egypt looked imposing indeed behind her bulrushes booth, a swarthy gypsy gave you as happy a fortune as you wanted for five cents, and the two Miss Canadas nobly sustained the reputation of our home girl. Mrs. Jarley's Waxworks, gotten up by Miss Nellie Perrie, was exceedingly clever and amusing,



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Black Pique de Soie, 90s., worth \$1.25; very heavy, \$1.

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\$1.10, regular \$1.50.

24 in. Black Satin, 45s., worth 65s.

23 in. French Gros Grain, very heavy, 75s.

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evening, was as dainty and artistic a series of

little tableaux as one would wish to see any-

where. The costumes were exquisite, the tiny

actors very cute, and the whole thing gotten

up very cleverly. If, however, young Galt

would abstain from mounting on the benches

immediately in front of the stage whenever

there is anything to see, thereby effectually

preventing other people who have paid ten

cents from seeing even a small portion of the

stage, both parties might be satisfied, and a

good deal of temper spared. H. S.

## Both Right

She—So that's a gondola!

"It's a gondola."



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## "MONSOON" TEAS







## A Pair of Bright Eyes.

June Morelle was a plain woman if you saw her when her eyes were shut, but there was little danger of her being pronounced such when they were open. Her face attracted attention, but where the spell lay, not three of her admirers could tell. Some thought it was in her voice, others her manner, but it was rare that one mentioned her eyes. But there the fascination was wholly. Such wonderful eyes. Here whole soul spoke through them.

She was one that men raved over, and she drew lovers to her feet as surely as the magnet draws the needle, but her cool indifference was enough to crase them.

It is not strange that Elton St. Elton, followed the crowd when they stepped to such an altar, but he received no more encouragement than the others. Now and then she gave him one of those rare smiles that made his pulses leap. When her eyes were looking into his and the spell of her presence was on him the slightest smile satisfied him. He was content for the moment, and he would have sworn that she loved him; but in the morning he awoke quite disenchanted, and with his daylight eyes it was easy to see how much he had to hope for.

But Elton St. Elton was not a man to be easily baffled. Strong-willed, and accustomed to ruling, he could ill brook defeat at a woman's hands; and if for only his pride's sake, he would have striven hard to conquer; but now something more was at stake—he loved her. All the passion of his proud heart seemed to have gathered itself about this woman, and he had no more idea of letting her slip from his grasp than the earth has of letting the moon slip off into space.

But he knew she did not love him yet. Her eyes never grew brighter at his coming; her cheeks never flushed at his earnest words; she was cool, calm, self-possessed always. He could not tell, either, whether she was aware of his devotion or not. She was so accustomed to receiving adoration that she took it naturally, as one takes the air they breathe, without thinking of compensation.

If he had been sure that she had never loved, he would have thought his chances as good as others, but his own soul—if that was any criterion—told him that such a calm as she seemed to have reached could only be attained through much suffering and storm. But if there was somewhere in the world a form sacred to this woman's heart, if there was a being on whom she looked with reverence and love, then Elton St. Elton meant to discover the fact. Suffer as he might, it was surely better to know the truth, than build his hopes upon the sand.

He was thinking of all these things as he rode through the long avenue of oaks leading to the Morelle estate, and as he sprang from his horse at the door he said, half aloud:

"I could kill the man who should dare to come between us!"

In truth it might be dangerous business for a rival to stand upon the field beside him, for being strong in love he might also be strong and deadly in his hate.

Upon the steps—as the fates were furthering his wishes for knowledge of the future—he met a man in uniform, a stranger who had just come out of the door, and he thought he saw June's hand through the window waving an adieu, as they passed each other. His face darkened involuntarily, but as June was cordial and smiling as ever, he soon forgot his suspicions and anger.

She was in one of her most brilliant moods, and St. Elton thought he had never seen such a light in her eyes as now. If he had only dared believe that his presence had inspired it! A new picture upon the wall attracted his attention. He crossed to look at it, June also rising and going forward.

"A battle piece," St. Elton said; the looking at it closer, "the gentleman I passed in the foreground, is it not?"

"Yes, Colonel Brett," June answered. "It must be a correct likeness, since you recognize it so quickly."

"He is a relative of yours? I think I see a slight resemblance," St. Elton added.

"His father acted as my guardian while my mother was in Europe, so we were together for several years."

St. Elton looked at her quickly. Was the secret out at last? Her face was quiet as usual. No tales from that. She could undoubtedly keep her own counsel, and meant to.

"I suppose he is a hero, of course. Every man who has been in the army is supposed to be," St. Elton said.

"He is a very brave man," June answered, passing to another painting and changing the subject by calling St. Elton's attention to the peculiar richness of the sunlight that flooded it.

St. Elton cast his eyes upon it, but he could not have told whether he had been looking at sunlight or moonlight a second afterward. He was thinking of something else.

"You are not well," June said at length, noting his abstraction.

"No, I was born under evil stars I suppose."

"Every man can control his own destiny," June answered, going to the piano.

"Every man does not."

"I said that they could, not that they did."

"Be careful of your words. I might believe them, if you were in jest." He turned over the music as he spoke, and selected a piece for her to sing.

"I was not in jest, but I am a woman, and a woman's words are of little account with you men."

"That sometimes they make us wretched." She shrank away from him a little, and began to play, saying under the music, "If they do it is not our fault."

In turning the music their fingers touched for an instant.

June snatched her hand away and struck the piano with a hasty, violent touch, but St. Elton could not fail to see the crimson which sprang into her cheeks. It was the first time she had ever in the slightest degree actually acknowledged his power, and St. Elton would have been elated had it not been for this newcomer upon the stage. As it was, he went away moody and angry with June, the stranger, himself and the whole world generally.

At home he had found an invitation which had come during his absence from June for the

following evening. "An entertainment for her friend," he said, irritated still more. "But what matter? I may as well see the farce out now."

"Well, St. Elton, I did not think you would allow yourself to be out-generaled like this," one of the guests said in that gentlemanly ear as he was slowly making his way into the crowded rooms.

"How?" St. Elton asked.

"We thought you the favored one, till up comes a captain, or a colonel, or a something, with straps on his shoulders, and you are slipped as well as the rest of us."

St. Elton did not reply. He was looking at June. She stood beside Colonel Brett, and though addressing her conversation to others about her, one could see at a glance she was far from being indifferent to the man beside her. Her delicate deference to his opinions, the tones of her voice in addressing him, the glance of her eyes, St. Elton thought all seemed to say she had the right to his devotion, and more, that he had also a right to hers.

Both men looked at each other with wary eyes when they were presented, and St. Elton's face betrayed more than he had intended it should. Colonel Brett turned to June and said something in an undertone, as St. Elton moved away. She shook her head in reply, and the day talking went on as before.

Half an hour later St. Elton passed them in the conservatory. The angry look he gave the Colonel was not unnoticed by June.

"I believe St. Elton is sick," she said. "He acted strangely last night, and just now he looked pale, I thought. I am going after him."

"Did I not tell you that he was jealous? Do go and hunt him, for I am afraid of my life now," Colonel Brett answered, laughing as June disappeared.

She touched St. Elton's arm as he was standing in the door leading out into the grounds. "Something is the matter with you."

He turned upon her sharply.

"You cannot cure me if there is."

"I know I am not a physician," she answered smiling; "but a stroll in the air will be good for you, I am sure. I am going to get someone to accompany you." She turned about to bring someone.

"Come yourself for five minutes."

"Certainly, I shall be delighted to please you," she took his arm and they stepped out under the stars.

When they were away from the sound of voices St. Elton stopped abruptly.

"I hate you, June," he said in a low, fierce tone.

She drew her arms from his as though she were touching poison.

"What did you say?"

"I said that I hated you."

"That is as you please, Mr. St. Elton."

"And I should kill the man who dared look into your eyes, as Colonel Brett has to-night, and receive such a return."

"St. Elton, what do you mean?"

"Before she had finished speaking he had caught her face to his."

"I mean that I loved you once, if I hate you now, and that I will have you, too, in spite of that cursed Colonel."

He covered her lips with burning kisses. Quick as flash she had snatched herself away and stood erect before him.

"I demand an apology this instant," she said angrily.

He went down upon his knees before her.

"I ask your pardon most humbly. But I have loved you too long, June, not to touch your lips once. Forgive me."

He turned away as if to go.

June caught his arm. St. Elton felt the quiver of her hand as she touched him.

"Come back, St. Elton."

The clutch he had given her was like the grasp of a vice.

"To you!"

"Yes," she covered her face.

"Truly? It would not do to trifle with me now?"

"Truly!"

Colonel Brett laughed heartily when he knew that what he had said was true, and often tells June that if he had not stepped upon the stage when he did, St. Elton would never have proposed, and therefore she would never have been Mrs. Elton St. Elton.—*New York Journal.*

## Wellington County Miracle.

The Remarkable Recovery of a Young Lady After Much Suffering.

Attacked by St. Vitus' Dance and Forced to Abandon Her studies—After a Considerable Period of Helplessness—She Regains Health and Strength—The Facts as Related by the Young Lady and Her Mother—A Case That Has Excited Much Interest.

From the *Templar*, Hamilton, Ont.

There were no "colonization roads" when the hardy pioneers of Wellington County came to the bush. The settlers who in 1850 came to look for homes in the north-western part of that county, now Minto township, which was known then as "Queen's Bush," had access to the building community only by the blazed road from Guelph to Southampton. Along this road occasional clearings no doubt existed, but as the northern part of the county was then almost one swamp, such clearings were few and far between. When at length representatives of almost every nationality fled from the attempt to carve a home out of the swamp, the Scotch stormed the swamp and their tenacity and energy proved successful, and today the smiling settlements and fruitful farms are the result of the hard toil of the former days.

Five miles north of the town of Harrison, the seemingly endless swamp rose to high, undulating clay land, and this favored spot settlers were not slow to discover. Soon every lot was occupied, and the log houses presaged a coming village. Among the first settlers were: Wm. Cardwell, Wm. Bantlin, Robert Arthur, Thos. Hart, Luke Grice, John Small and others. In a few years a postoffice was secured and William Cardwell was appointed postmaster, a position he holds to this day. The postoffice was called Drew, after Judge Drew of Wellington County.

Some fifteen years ago the old Buntlin homestead was purchased by Peter Donaldson, who resided formerly in the Province of Quebec. He and his wife were the parents of a family of seven sons, and shortly after they settled at Drew a little girl came to bless the home and to cheer the hearts of father, mother and brothers by her sweet smiles. When she was about seven years old her health failed, and it was only after careful treatment by the family physician that the rosy bloom was restored to her cheeks, and her school duties were resumed. Upwards of two years ago the dread hand of disease was again laid upon her, and as the disease developed the symptoms clearly pointed to St. Vitus' Dance. This disease, known to medical circles as chorea, attacks the nervous system and affects the voluntary muscles with constant irregular movements. The disease made steady headway, notwithstanding all the efforts made to counteract it, until that marvelous nineteenth century remedy, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, was tried. These pills came before the notice of the parents through the columns of *Templar*. Mr. Donaldson has been a subscriber of the *Templar* since it started, and had every confidence in the veracity of its statements. When he saw in its columns, therefore, the account of remarkable cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, he was ready to accept the statements and at once procured the pills for his daughter. It was not long before a decided improvement was noted, and but a few weeks later the former abundant measure of health was restored. The complete restoration of Charlotte Donaldson to health was the cause of very much joy and gratification to the parents and family, and of much appreciative comment in the neighborhood. In fact, the fact of the cure came under the notice of *The Templar*. One of the staff was dispatched to ascertain full particulars, so that they might be given to the public, to benefit thousands of similarly afflicted persons.

Donaldson homestead is Lot 21, Concession 17, Minto Township. A handsome substantial brick residence, and a large well built barn, attest the thrift of the family. The *Templar* representative and his friend were received very cordially by Mrs. Donaldson, who explained that her husband was absent, having driven to the neighboring town of Clifford early in the morning, and then led the way to the pleasant drawing room of the house. After a little general preliminary conversation, the reporter apprised Mrs. Donaldson of the object of his call. She expressed her satisfaction and willingness to give every detail and verify every statement. She called her daughter, and the lively robust maiden with the bloom of health upon her cheeks, who responded to the call looked as if she was an utter stranger to sickness. In a few words she told her story. You now know that my name is Charlotte Donaldson, and I am almost fourteen years of age. I have been sick, very ill they all tell me, but now think it must have been a dream, so free am I from sickness. I was first attacked with rheumatic fever, and on returning to school was trying to pass the last grammar examination, but I could not study, I could not sit still at school. I stayed home from school and tried to help mother with the housework, but I was of no use. I could not dress myself or lace up my own shoes. I could not help wash dishes, but the plates and cups would slip from my shaking hands and break upon the floor. Last summer mother gave me Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and it was not long till I felt better, and was able to take care of myself. I have used the pills ever since, and cannot say too much in praise of what has cured me.

Mrs. Donaldson corroborated the statements of her daughter and said: "Yes, it is going two years since Charlotte became troubled with rheumatic fever, and I think it was the rheumatic fever that brought it on. Very soon her nervousness increased. She could not keep in one position. She could do nothing, not even for herself. Her right arm was not so seriously affected, but her left arm and side was continually aching and twitching. Frequently the twitching affected her whole body. The disease affected even her tongue, and she could not talk plainly. Her eyes, too, were sore. I had a dreadful time last summer, we had a lot of men and it was impossible to get a servant girl. Charlotte could not do a thing to help me and needed a great deal of attention herself."

Upon enquiry as to how Dr. Williams' Pink Pills came to be used, Mrs. Donaldson said that the celebrated John Marshall case as reported in the *Templar*, had been the subject of much conversation in her family as well as in the neighborhood. Here they noticed Pink Pills were good for nervous diseases, and at once determined to give them a trial, and last September secured the first box. The improvement in Charlotte's health was soon noticed, and in a month or so she was decidedly better. Now she had entirely recovered and had commenced school again, and would no doubt be successful at the coming entrance examinations.

The pills had also been used with good effect upon the other children of the family. Stephen, the youngest boy had been troubled for some time with an abscess in the leg, just below the knee. The doctor several times nearly healed the sore, but it always broke out afresh. Stephen had begun the use of the pills when the good effect upon his leg had been noticed, and now the sore was completely healed.

The kindness of the family in giving every information was not all, for before they would allow the quizzical reporter and his friend to leave, they were treated to a delicious luncheon of the maple syrup accompanied by the noted Scotch oatmeal cake. This syrup was made syrup, and not the watery mixture that is so frequently palmed off as the genuine article.

Further testimony was not necessary to convince the reporter of the genuineness of the case, but he called upon several of the neighbors and among them the veteran postmaster, Mr. Wm. Cardwell, and all bore testimony to the facts as here stated.

The druggists of Harrison were also seen, and they stated that Pink Pills had a reputation for sale. In reply to a query, one of them said: "Yes, they sell better than any other medicine or drug we have in the shop."

The Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., of Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., a firm of unquestioned reliability. Pink Pills are not looked upon as a patent medicine, but rather as a prescription. An analysis of their properties shows that these pills are an unfailing specific for all diseases arising from an impoverished condition of the blood, or from a impairment of the nervous system, such as loss of appetite, depression of spirits, anemia, chlorosis or green sickness, general muscular weakness, dizziness, loss of memory, palpitation of the heart, nervous headache, locomotor ataxia, paralysis, sciatica, rheumatism. St. Vitus' Dance, the after effects of influenza, all diseases depending upon a vitiated condition of the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, correcting irregularities, suppressing all forms of female weakness, building anew the blood and restoring the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excess of any nature. These pills are not a purgative medicine. They contain only life-giving properties and nothing that could injure the most delicate system. They act directly on the blood, supplying its life giving qualities, by assisting it to absorb oxygen, that great supporter of all organic life. In this way the blood, becoming "built up" and being supplied with its lacking constituents, becomes rich and red, nourishes the various organs, stimulating them to activity in the performance of their functions and thus eliminating disease from the system.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold only in

boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, (printed in red ink). Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. The public are also cautioned against all other so-called blood-builders and nerve tonics, put up in similar form intended to deceive. They are all imitations whose makers hope to reap a pecuniary advantage from the wonderful reputation achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Ask your dealer for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

## Its True Worth.

Patient—You practice the faith cure, eh?  
Physician—To some extent.  
Patient—Is it good for much?  
Physician—Oh, about two thousand a year.

## Horsford's Acid Phosphate

Relieves the feeling of lassitude, so common in mid-summer, and imparts vitality.

## Transferred.

Teacher—Willie, does your mother know that the buttons are off your coat?  
Willie—Yes'm, and she knows where they are.  
Teacher—Where are they?  
Willie—They are on father's trousers.

## That Pale Face.

For Nervous Prostration and Anæmia there is no medicine that will so promptly and infallibly restore vigor and strength as Scott's Emulsion.

## A Pertinent Question.

Poor Uncle Silas of Wayback had been arrested as a vagrant while visiting New York. "You are charged," said the judge, "with having no visible means of support."  
"Well, judge," said Silas, "how could I bring my farm to town with me?"

## The Earth is Shrinking.

Sir Edwin Arnold in one of his recent letters says: "The world we live in is becoming sadly monotonous as it shrinks year by year to smaller and smaller dimensions under the rapid movement provided by limited passenger trains and swift ocean steamships."  
The New York Central, by the introduction of its Empire State express, has perhaps to a greater degree than any other force on this continent, aided this shrinking process. It is now possible, by taking this fastest train in the world, to breakfast leisurely at your home or hotel in New York, and dine in Buffalo or Niagara Falls, almost 450 miles away, at your usual hour. Toronto people can leave Union Station at 7:50 a.m. and connect with this train at Buffalo, reaching New York the same evening at 10:30. Apply by mail to Edson J. Weeks, general agent New York Central, Buffalo, N. Y., for copy of one of the Four Track Series.

## A Definition.

Tommy—Does m-r-a-g-e spell marriage?  
Father—No, my son, but that is what marriage is.

## To Columbian Exposition

Via the Wabash vestibuled trains running to Chicago every day in the year, are the finest known to the railway service. They are complete and splendid vestibuled from end to end, the entire train being a moving palace of connected apartments. All Wabash trains stop at Englewood, near 60th street entrance to the World's Fair; electric cars direct to grounds every five minutes. Get your tickets via Detroit and the banner route. J. A. Richardson, Canadian Passenger Agent, north-east corner of King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

## Last Instructions.

Father—Now, my dear, I hope when you get to the seashore you will do all you can to get husbands for the girls.  
Mother—Yes, I shall do all in my power, you may be assured.  
Father—Whatever you do, don't, in any event, let them become engaged.

## New Facts About the Dakotas

Is the title of the latest illustrated pamphlet issued by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway regarding those growing states, whose wonderful crops the past season have attracted the attention of the whole country. It is full of facts of special interest for all not satisfied with their present location. Send to A. J. Taylor, Canadian Passenger Agent, 4 Palmer House Block, Toronto, Ont., for a copy free of expense.

## What He Would Do.

"What a lovely boy!" she exclaimed, bending an enraptured gaze upon a pretty five-year-old playing on the green turf of Riverside. The whole party paused and petted him, and a little pampered poodle nosed the youngster jealously. And the lad with his golden curls, blue eyes and aristocratic features was certainly a pretty sight. He was dressed in a velvet Eton jacket and cocked hat with an ostrich feather in it, and his fond mamma, sitting on the nearest bench, drank in the glances of admiration and words of praise as sweet incense to her soul.  
"Oh, you dear child!" cried another of the ladies.  
"Come away, Fido. He won't bite you,"

dear." Still the lad looked on the pudgy dog doubtfully.

"What would you do if you had a nice little dog like that?" enquired the lady at the end of the ribbon.

"I—'d knock the everlasting 'stiffin' out of him!" promptly responded the little chap. Whereat his fond mamma turned crimson.

"Come on, Fido," said the owner of the dog stiffly. But the rest of the party looked as if in hearty approval of this sentiment, especially the solemn young man who was with them.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

## To Restore

hair which has become thin, and keep the scalp clean and healthy, use

## AYER'S HAIR VIGOR

It prevents the hair from falling out or turning gray. The best

## Dressing

## The Wealth of Health

Is in Pure Rich Blood; to enrich the blood is like putting money out at interest.

## SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites

possesses blood enriching properties in a remarkable degree. Are you all run down? Take Scott's Emulsion. Almost as Palatable as Milk. Be sure and get the genuine.

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Keeps you in Health, is delightfully refreshing, and a great safeguard against infectious diseases. No traveller or family should be without it. Sold by chemists throughout the world. W. G. DUNN & CO. Works, Croydon, England.

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Place's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use and Cheapest. CATARRH Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 50c. E. T. Harrington, Warren, Pa., U. S. A.

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The only natural mineral water now supplied to Her Majesty, the Queen of England, under Royal Warrant.

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THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MONTREAL.



## THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND M. SHEPPARD - Editor.

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## "Saturday Night" Out of Town.

Are you going to the mountains, the seashore or to Muskoka this summer? Wherever you go you can have your favorite paper. SATURDAY NIGHT is mailed to any address in Canada or United States for 20c. a month; to foreign addresses 25c. a month.

## An Unbeliever.

"LUMP and plain, gentlemen," said an opulent-looking man in a smoking car, addressing a group of men who had been engaged in discussing a very sentimental novel which was in great vogue at the time. "I don't believe in fiction and romance."

Of course this remark elicited the question "Why not?" from one of them, and as the crowd in general seemed desirous of hearing the why and wherefore of his disbelief he told the following story:

"Once upon a time," he began, "I did a very courageous thing, which, had it been performed by the hero of a novel, would have been rewarded by the young lady's hand in marriage. Such things don't happen, however, in real life. Now at the time I had a sneaking belief in the spirit of romance, and it was perhaps the hope that I would receive the romantic reward which spurred me on to more than natural valor."

"It was in my early business days, when I served behind the 'linens' counter of a large dry goods store that there was installed at the 'thread' counter opposite me, a vision of loveliness of the opposite sex. She was a bright, airy little thing. Her form sylph-like, and her face, well I often compared it in my mind to that of the *Venus de Medici*, her features were so cleverly chiseled, and her complexion white as driven snow, save two little spots of color, one on either cheek. But it was not her complexion or regular features you saw when you looked at her, it was her eyes, such eyes as mortal never had before. I have even seen what are called Irish blue eyes, but never eyes like hers. To say that they sparkled like diamonds is too common—they sparkled as dew drops, hanging to new-thatch sparkle when touched by the first rays of the morning sun, and her wavy blonde hair gave to them the same effect that the new thatch gives to the dewdrops."

"You may think me extravagant in my description gentlemen. I am not. It is needless to say that I fell in love with her, as many had done before and have since, for in this age men do not cease to fall in love with women when they are married."

"I would be unjust did I not tell you that at no time did I find any favor with her. She soon became attached to a handsome young fellow whose counter adjoined her own, and with whom she used to stand and talk where their counters met, while I, as all lovers are supposed to do, looked on and suffered."

"One Saturday I heard that he had invited her to go with him for a row on the river, in the early morning of the morrow, and (why I never could tell, save that I would be near her) I invited a young lady, and made preparations to make a similar excursion."

"I have read in novels descriptions of such mornings as that of the following day. They are such mornings as are used by the novelists in which to have their characters commit nice, quiet, refined murders. It was in mid-spring, the season when the lilacs are in bloom, and the trees which have newly taken on their bright green mantle of leaves are full of singing birds, when the dew sparkles in the grass, and over all the land lies a caressing haze, rendering objects afar off beautifully indistinct."

"The sun was warm, and the row on the river delightful. We were returning in high spirits. The other boat was ahead of ours, being rowed close in shore in the deep part of the river. There were trees which overhung the stream, and I noticed in glancing over my shoulder that my beloved (I mean the girl in the boat ahead) was standing up trying to break off a switch. I was rowing steadily towards them when my companion screamed, 'Oh, she has fallen overboard.'"

"One quick pull at the oars brought me abreast of them, and I sprang in the water. Then ensued a fight with the river for its victim. Incautiously I allowed her to get a grip of me, and it was only with extreme difficulty that I managed to get her to shore, where I sustained her by the help of a tree root until her companion, who had until now remained stupidly watching us from his boat, came and helped us out."

"Well, as much for the rescue. In the afternoon I called on the young lady to enquire how she was after the adventure, and when she came down to the parlor, in a pretty tea gown, to thank me, I could restrain myself no longer and poured out my tale of love. She waited patiently until I had finished and then told me that her lover and companion of the morning had called earlier, had proposed, and as he had told her that he could not swim, but that he had done as much as he could to save her, that he had in fact pulled us both from the water, that while she was in the water he had realized that she was dearer than life itself to him, and goodness knows how much more. She had accepted him."

"So you see another had made capital of my achievement, and nothing came of it so far as I was concerned save that the curate of our parish, who was passing the spot when the accident occurred, on the highroad overlooking the river, made it the foundation of his next Sunday's sermon, and as I listened to his hour's dissertation on the part of the commandment 'Remember thou keep holy the sabbath day,' I tell you I felt truly penitent for the part I had taken in the proceedings he so beautifully enlarged upon."

Tipperary, Ireland. HARRY A. BROWN.

## The Sculptor's Art



BUST OF THE LATE MR. WILLIAM GOODERHAM.

We are pleased this week to give space to a portrait bust of the late William Gooderham. This is the work of a young Canadian, born in this city, Mr. Robert Moffatt Gullett, youngest son of Mr. Fred. B. Gullett, the well known monumental sculptor of Church street. It is not too much to say that a future may be expected for this young sculptor if he pursues the plastic art. While visiting Mr. Gullett's studio we were shown sketches of a large monument that is to be erected at Springhill, Nova Scotia, in memory of one hundred and twenty-five men who lost their lives by an explosion in a coal mine in that district. The monument consists of a granite pedestal 15 feet high. On the shaft will be engraved the names of all the unfortunate men, and the pedestal will be surmounted by a heroic statue representing a miner with his safety lamp, pick, etc. This will be executed by Mr. Gullett, at his works, corner Church and Lombard streets, and will be completed in time for the unveiling ceremonies next year. Mr. Gullett deserves to be complimented not only on having produced such a unique design but for being entrusted with such an important work. In modelling the heroic figure of the miner, Mr. Gullett, Jr., will have a task that will give him fine scope for his taste and skill. We wish both Mr. F. B. Gullett and his son every success.

## The Piano-Car-Forte-Trolley-Tune- Twister.

"THE infernal racket and dust kicked up by these abominable trolley cars is almost unbearable," sighed the law student; to his godfather as he tearfully wiped a section of a sandpile out of his left eye, totally oblivious of the fact that he was by the same action considerably extending the jurisdiction of a smudge of soot on the end of his nose. "I wonder why somebody doesn't invent something to mitigate the evil."

"Invent?" growled Uncle Harper in such a stern tone of voice that his godson instinctively knew at once that he must have touched one of the spots on the old man where the hair was short. "Invent nothing," continued he, in a quieter tone of voice, but still with a rising inflection. "You see before you one of the victims of the invention; the wretched and stranded remains of a man who tried to do good to his fellow creatures and was nearly torn to pieces by their gratitude. Do you mean to say that you never heard of Harper's celebrated piano-car-forte-trolley-tune-twister? What!" howled the old man, "am I to conclude that your parents have never loaded your understanding with the recital of a country's base ingratitude towards one of the greatest public benefactors of modern times?"

The law student after carefully figuring on the means for speedy retreat in case his godfather's ire should master his paternal love and affection, humbly admitted that he had never heard of the unparalleled invention and asked for the particulars.

The old man's feelings were evidently seriously wounded and he glared for some seconds at his godson with the cold and stony expression of a side of beef in a refrigerator car. However after an interval of silence he recovered his equanimity, and after playfully chucking the youngster under the chin with his left foot, he shoved his upper set of teeth a little further back to give full play to his pre-hensile tongue and commenced as follows:

"Some ten or fifteen years ago when this here trolley business was just beginnin' to cut its teeth, I was livin' in a city out west which it would hurt my feelings to mention. I was keepin' the biggest store of the kind in town—a sellin' tinware and other musical instruments. Havin' an artistic taste and a likin' for municipal politics I was big punkins at caucuses and tea-fights and considerable of a dude at religious gatherings, golden wedding, cock-fights, and miscellaneous sore-eyes dancin' at all of which big feet give the rest of a feller's body a high standin' in society." Here Uncle Harper paused for a blissful second to glance admiringly at the pair of coffin-shaped valises which encased his phenomenal nether mon-

stroities, and then continued:

"He evidently meant 'Sorens Dansantes.'"

"Occupying the aforesaid prominent position on the floor of the house I naturally took a big interest in the affairs of the nation as it were. I have always felt that in this democratic country the members of the aristocracy should at least display an interest in the grievances of the common people. The inhabitants of the town were nearly wild over the trolley, for in addition to the fact that the electricity prevented the grass from a-growin' on the streets, hanged if the saw-filin' roar of the motors didn't prevent the people a gettin' their usual '12 hours' sleep. This was a serious matter and added considerable to living expenses, for they had been in the habit of sleepin' till dinner time, thus escapin' breakfast, and this innovation meant three meals a day if it meant anything, and the extra meal naturally rankled folks terrible."

"I had picked up a street pianer a few years before from an Italian who had died intestate, takin' it in exchange for his funeral expenses, and used often to amuse myself a-takin' of it to pieces and putting it together again, until I had kinder mastered the principle of the thing. I found that it was worked with a kind of cylinder covered with prickles which comin' in contact with a lot of musical steel teeth when the cylinder was twisted produced the music for the monkey."

"Now thinks I; this here electric motor on the cars is generated in exactly the same way by means of a cylinder covered with a lot of teeth like a brush. Why not set it to music on the same principle?"

"Well, sir; the idea took such complete possession of my mind that I could think of nothin' else, until finally I decided to see the thing through or bust. I started in by mortgagin' my stock and puttin' my whole capital in a trial car. I got her fixed up at last arrangin' the airs carefully and keepin' a number of popular ones in reserve for special occasions, for I wasn't a goin' to run no low down music hall you bet. At last the eventful day arrived for the trial trip. I was blowed right up with pride and my heart was a beatin' away like a carpet when I started that first car off down street at seven o'clock of Dominion Day, 187-, rippin' out the Maple Leaf Forever to beat the band, followin' it up with My Heart and Thine, Mary, and other loyal and patriotic airs suitable to the occasion."

"You bet it wasn't long before the news spread and the crowds of people that turned out from all parts to see and hear the invention which I decided to call 'Harper's piano-car-forte-trolley-tune-twister' (in honor of myself) was a holy terror. I was dined and whisked as I had never been before (or since) by the corporation and principal citizens and felt that my fortune was made."

"I had thealrs for ordinary occasions fixed up tasteful-like and the effect was great. The menu was somethin' like this:

First car, 6 a. m.—Entrée.

Sunday—Awake My Soul.

Week days—So Early in the Morning.

Car between 12 and 1—Dejeuner.

Johnny Get Your Gun.

Medley Oh, the Roast Beef of Old England.

Car between 6 and 7 p. m.—Afternoon Tea.

Hang up the Shovel and the Hoe.

Selection The Bell goes a-ringing for Sarah.

During the long, cool summer evenin's Love Comes Like a Summer Sigh, Stars of the Summer Night, and Juanita, freighted the balmy air with strains of love-sick melody, and when Home, Sweet Home lingered on the breeze youths and maidens fair realized that it was time to wind the clock and kick the cat down the cellar. The all-night car was set to We Won't go Home till Morning. Ah, my boy, I thought my fortune was made, but, alas! Here the old man paused with a sigh and meditatively pulled his godson's hair before he continued:

"I should have been a rich man if I hadn't been betrayed by my assistant who was an infernal villain, and this was the way the smash up came about. On the twelfth of July arrangements had been made for a monster parade of the Orange body, who were very strong around that section. They thought it would be a splendid idea to hire my car for their lady True Blues and have it play a selection of Orange airs. To this request of course I was only too happy to comply, but alas my assistant was a Roman Catholic, d—n him, and fixed things, and when the procession started, instead of commencing with The Boyne Water as I had intended, the strains of St. Patrick's Day came, clawing up the atmosphere."

"The crowd for a moment was paralyzed—only for a moment—and then—I left town when I heard the Grand Master howlin' for a rope."

The law student realized that his godfather's feelings should be respected at such a moment and left the millionth part of a second in front of the poker.

G. J. A.

## A Grain of Sand.

SAT upon the high bank. Beneath the shore were a boy and a girl. The latter was the older and of maturer thought. They were out on a summer's holiday enjoying the refreshing atmosphere. The sound of their voices did not reach me, and I had to glean their thought from their actions. This then is the picture the two young hearts and their and my surroundings presented to me. I was high above the water. Slowly the waves moved on until within a few feet of the strand, then they made a gleeful rush and up shot columns of blue water dispelling into spray. For a moment there appeared to be an ebb, but again the surf lashed the shore. The boy watched the rolling waters at first with terror, but now with joy. He became full of glee as he sprang back to escape the breaking of the storm-tossed waters. He attempted to throw, far out, driftwood and pebbles. Suddenly he stopped to ponder. Nature had arrested his attention. He took to thinking. As he looked away off to the horizon, the broad expanse stirred up within him grand and noble thoughts. He yearned to do something pure and lofty. Again he applied himself to driftwood and pebbles, but these appeared to have

no effect upon the water. The wind and the waves were stronger than he. Alas, he was weak and he sighed to think he could do nothing to effect the world around him. Nothing but musing was left him. He wished he could cast the high rock, which stood defiant before the raging storm, far out where the depth was great. It would make a grand splash and agitate the water. The size and weight of the rock, however, subdued his high spirits and he wept to think of his weakness. How could he ever struggle in this world and do good! His motives might be the highest and best, but his strength would not sustain him. Brushing the sand and grit off his hands he rushed to his companion and buried his face in her lap. He had learned to trust and admire her. By his sobs he conveyed to her his grief. She was a student, comely, elegant and handsome. How was the child to be soothed? This was no mere examination question, it was a task from the great book of life—the fiery furnace through which all must pass. He would not be comforted by the words, "Wait until you are big." She had read and believed that the minutest thing or act was not without its effects. To impress the boy with the grandeur of this thought was now her aim. Her gentle manner and sweet words calmed him. He was about to say that for the present he would struggle no more with his thoughts, but in a twinkling he shrieked aloud. A fierce struggle raged within him. Would he keep from troubling her by saying he was not deeply moved by what had occurred, or would he be true to himself, and say that all was still thick darkness. His love for her was strong. His struggle for the light was desperate. He was still in the agony of undecision when she arose and said, "Come with me and I will show you how to use what strength you have." His love for her grew greater, she had decided a terrible contest for him. Holding him by the hand she related to him how by getting gradually nearer to the water he a short time before lost his horror of the waves. By little advances and not great strides had he done this. Had he rushed in at once he might have forever after feared the water that had given him so much delight. Little acts when repeated produced powerful consequences. Next she took him to a quiet neck of water and had him cast in pebbles. Even the smallest made a ripple, and it had its effect though he might not recognize it. At last he shouted, "Why, even one grain of sand makes a motion." "Yes, indeed," assuringly said his lovely companion, "and a handful of sand makes many motions. And what is a pebble but sand, what is a stone but sand, what is that great rock but sand? If you move the rock, the pebble or the grain of sand, so intimately are the works of nature connected. Yearn not, then, to waste your strength in endeavoring to do great things, but strive rather to increase it by doing many things within the powers that God has given you."

They wended their way back towards the cottage, she feeling stronger and nobler. He was so delighted that he pranced about her as if beside himself. I saw him pick up a little flower that was washed in by the waves, he lovingly brushed the sand off it and with a smile that spoke of pure delight placed it on her breast. The waters lashed the shore. I looked beyond to the horizon. The voices beneath me had ceased. I was alone on the bank. I cast down a grain of sand; may it never cause ill to this boy and girl.

ALEXANDER.

## A Silhouette.

SIMEON was not his name. He was one of those interesting personalities known as characters. As if we were not all characters, as much so in our way as Sam Weller, or Dogberry, or Pecksniff. The only characterless man I have ever known—is dead. To return to Simeon.

Here he is, whiskered like a half-worn broom, grizzle-haired to match; hunch-backed, so that his little gray eyes rolled upward if they sought mine for company. He was weighed down with the great ugly shoulder humps and sixty-three years of life.

January to December journeys over a narrow, rough, up-hill road.

Simeon is a gravedigger. He has shook the earth from off the side of his much-worn shovel on six times sixty-three coffin lids. "Dust to dust, ashes to ashes." It's an old story with him as an order for a grave.

He's the sexton too. I've known scores of sextons—most of them hunch-backed. And he's rung hundreds of souls from grave to glory. Without knowing it! Probably.

Simeon is dead.

It takes a queer shaped box to hold the hunch back. It seemed to me as if the shovel should have been buried with him. But the new gravedigger sprinkled the earth from it on the roof of the body of old Simeon. And he tolled the bell by the same old rope. Men may come and men may go, but life goes on forever. And Simeon is a character in Heaven.

FRANK YEMO.

He who gets into war, the chase, or in love, will not get out of it just when he pleases.



The Emperor Octavian, called the August, I being his favorite, bestowed his name Upon me, and I hold it still in trust, In memory of him and of his fame. I am the Virgin, and my vestal flame Burns less intensely than the Lion's rage; Sheaves are my only garlands, and I claim The golden harvest as my heritage.

## Sweet Pea Blossoms!

For Saturday Night.

Pretty sweet pea blossoms

Nodding in a row,

May I tell story

How you came to grow?

In the long ago, dears,

You were quite unknown,

Never was your perfume

On the breeze blown.

But one day in springtime,

Seven youthful Quakers

At a quiet meeting

Talked about their shakers.

And one maid, Percilla,

Who was rather vain,

Thought their snowy bonnets

Were a trifle plain.

Patience then suggested

That each should crown

Should be put up higher,

"It was too low down."

Next day all decided

That from snowy white

Each the hue would alter

To some color bright.

Where they got the dye stuff

I can never think,

But soon all were colored

Purple, blue and pink.

Only gentle Percilla

Wore the simple white,

She thought wearing colors

Was not hardly right.

But as she went with them

In their bright array

Everyone would think her

Just as plain as they.

When the wind first saw them

All was calm and warm,

But the gay sight vexed him

So he raised a storm.

Every shaker snatched her,

Far away he blew

Pretty pink and purple

And the white one too.

Far away he blew them

O'er the country round,

And a short time after

Blossoms new were found.

Blossoms new and fragrant,

Colors all so bright,

Here and there a rare one,

Percilla like, in white.

When the Quaker maidens

Told their story o'er

They were soon forgiven

And new sin no more.

Patience and Percilla

And dear Percilla too,

Soon were called the sweet Ps

They so gentle grew.

So the new found flowers

Then were called the same,

Thus I end the legend

As I tell their name.

You a lesson teach us,

Blossoms dear we love,

For to earth you cling not,

But climb straight above.

Percilla.

ALMA FRANCES L. MCCOLLUM.

## O Thou!

For Saturday Night.

Within thee is contained a burning blazing light—thy soul's

sweet sun—love's torch.

Thine eyes like lenses concentrate the sunbeams of thy

soul to make it scorch.

Thy soul once on me, through those concentrating eyes

burns sweetly good.

Swift Cupid's dart then skewered my heart in its hot focus

till it blazed.

W. H. T.

## A Song of Three Voices.

Wave and wind and willow tree

Speak a speech that no man knoweth;

Tree that sigheth, wind that bloweth.

Wave that floweth to the sea;

Wave and wind and willow tree.

Peerless perfect poets ye,

Singing songs all songs exceeding,

Fine as crystal music dwelling

In a willing fountain free;

Peerless perfect poets three.

Wind and wave and willow tree

Know not aught of poet's rhyming

Yet they make a silver chiming

Sunward climbing minstrelsy,

Sweeter than all songs that be.

Blows the wind it knows not why,

Flows the wave it knows not whither,

And the willow swayseth hither,

Swayeth hither wistlessly,

Nothing knowing save to sigh.

—William Watson.

## A Shell.

Across a beach of shining sand

A shell rolled at my feet,

I knelt and laid it far beyond

The line whose billows break.

When on the wave of death I drift

Far up the Beach of Bliss,

May someone greet my storm-tossed soul

With welcome hand and kiss.

—Charlotte E. Cary in Californian.



## Between You and Me.

**Y**OU are a true philosopher," said one woman to another, as she listened to an airy disposal of a question liable to cause a life-long discussion and disagreement between an ordinary couple. And the philosopher looked straight ahead with steady, courageous, bright eyes, and said slowly, "I never let outside influences run me, whether they come from people or circumstances." How beautiful to have a character so strong, so hardy, so well grounded that one could run oneself! Temptation would sneak by on the other side, criticism would pause at a respectful distance, persuasion would fold her airy wings in recognition of the uselessness of beating them against a marble wall! And far above sorrow and shame and worry and longing the white soul would sit serene and philosophize.

Talking of persuasion, I wonder does anyone dislike being coaxed as much as I do. When I say I won't, it always seems to me a stern necessity, regrettable but wise. When I am teased, or coaxed, or argued into going or doing contrary to my refusal, I distinctly lose caste with myself. Strength goes from me. Needless to remark I seldom say I won't, from a wise fear of being made subsequently say I will. Besides, I am not a philosopher, and I am largely at the mercy of circumstances.

To-day as I write I notice by my calendar that it is Emancipation Day, and memories queer and quaint crowd upon me. "Fust o' August" used to be a great day in the town which was the scene of my earliest escapades. The dark, shining faces, the soft, unctious tones, the book muslin Garabaldi, the white cotton gloves, the palm-leaf fans of our darkie friends come back to me, like a company of jolly, laughing, loyal-hearted shades from some tropical paradise. They stood about the lemonade stands and lolled under the trees of "the grove," and the white-headed old darkie minister spoke faltering and eloquent words of noble England and "Lady Victoria," and the day of jubilee was cheered and sung.

Fore de wab, that was, when we could command in that little town royal cooks and perfect waiters for a small fee and at a moment's notice; those dusky folk who had fled by swamp and river, by hill and valley, from the lash of the overseer, from the fate of being sent "down river," from dishonor, worse than death or slave whip! Some of those women walked with the step of an empress, their veins full of the blood of African kings or Southern aristocracy. Black or yellow, they were sometimes grand creatures, one of them gave me my first taste of hydropathic treatment in this world, at the first screech of a Sunday dawn. Another told me quaint tales under resinous smelling pines, in the lovely old home garden, when I nursed a flat-bodied, grey linen doll-baby, with adoring admiration and solicitude; another made ready my marriage feast; all my life long, gentle care, love and interest from these transplanted creatures has brooded over and blessed the gala days; and now, when I never see a darkie who does not wear patent leather slippers and bangs, my heart remembers those amplexed mummies, those crack-voiced, down-at-heel, one-suspended old Uncles—and I send them my love on "fust o' August." Three "real culled pussions" invaded the sanctum, with whitewash and ladders one day lately. They talked real darkie-talk, slouched about in real darkie style and laughed the irresistibly contagious laughter of the South. They will never know how Lady Gay enjoyed them!

I would there could be another Emancipation Day! Just a little one for a cent, you know, very private and scattery, to pick out and free some of the slaves I know who live hopelessly on right here in Toronto. I know men who live in the slavery of servitude to some corporation, some business, some weakness, some vice, solid body, mind and spirit to toil or to sin. Some who are as well fitted to be admired and respected as ever was a Juno or a Hercules of a black slave. And I know women who serve in patient slavery, some selfish, exacting taskmaster whom they love or pity, some reckless child whom they hope to save, someone who denies them in some torturing way the freedom they have as their birthright. I wonder at them, for I'm not quite built on those lines myself. Perhaps the Emancipation Orations of my baby days gave me wrong ideas on the subject of submission.

Talking of orations, won't somebody stop the talking about Sunday cars? For weeks, long suffering readers have had to wade through or skip columns of rubbish about nonsensical distinctions, and bogus screeds from savants and soul savers. It has degenerated into a perfect wire-pulling fake, and has created no end of wondering amusement in the minds of our numerous visitors. One bright person said: "What is the need of it all. If you are going to leave to a vote, why don't you? I wonder the Toronto papers can spare the space they do to such a matter." I assured him that he did not understand Toronto, and he discomfited me by asking "Well, do you?" And I climbed on my wheel and got away from him as fast as I could.

LADY GAY.

## Dramatic and Literary Notes.

Kleiser's Star Course for the coming season has already been arranged and promises to surpass last season. It will open some evening in October with the Ovid Musin Grand Concert Company; in November, Eugene Field, the poet-journalist, will visit us; in December, Russell H. Conwell will lecture on Acres of Diamonds or where to get rich and become great; in January James Whitcomb Riley, the Hoosier Poet, will return, accompanied by Douglass Sherley, the Southern author, giving selections from their own works; in February, Robert J. Burdette will lecture on Our Mission in Mars; and in March A. A. Willis of Dayton, Ohio, will give his clever lecture entitled Sunshine. Subscribers to the Course will secure first choice of seats at

the rate of fifty cents a ticket, and no new names will be accepted after the list is once closed.

One of the best novels of the year is *The Heavenly Twins* by Sarah Grand. It is making quite a sensation in London, and is undoubtedly a "purpose novel," inspired by social problems, the discussion of which is more likely to attract attention in this form than in any other. Sarah Grand has the courage of her convictions. She believes that men should lead as pure lives as women are expected to lead. Evadne, the heroine of the story, discovers on her wedding day that her husband has led a fast life and she leaves him just as they are about to take the train for their bridal trip. Another novel which is being rapidly translated into different languages is *I Forbid the Banns*, by Frankfort Moore. It impressed me more than any book I have read for years. The wonderful skill of the author in handling his plot is only realized when digesting the story after having read it. This story also has a "purpose," but I will not indicate it, for in attempting to do so in a few words the result would be to shock the reader, whereas the book itself will shock no one, but will set everyone thinking on the matter of marriage. The story is unique in conception and humorous from first to last. Both these books are on sale at John P. McKenna's Yonge street, near King.

Cleveland's Minstrels opened the theatrical season in Toronto on Monday by a matinee and evening performance at the Grand. The people will scarcely consider the season as really in full swing until the first of September, although some good attractions will be put on at the different houses during the latter half of August.

REVIEWER.

## A Delightful Trip

**D**URING this hot weather most people are anxious for change and recreation; especially the worn out man of business, the weak and sickly and the lover of ease and pleasure. I belong to the weakly class just now, and after many enquiries whether I had better go for recuperation was hard to decide. By advice from those who knew the pleasure routes I decided to go up the Northern Lakes, and in carrying out my decision I took the route of the Great Northern Transit Co. on the steamer Baltic. In a few words I may state that in all my travels on the lakes and rivers of Canada, the United States and Europe, I have found this one the most interesting and beneficial; and for the benefit of those who are seeking for a trip that they will be much pleased both with the unique and romantic scenery, the bracing and exhilarating influence of the pure air and appetizing influence of the refreshing breezes, I recommend it.

There are several places along the route that elicit the deepest interest both by their mountainous and forest aspect and the aboriginal character of the inhabitants; passing island after island through broad and narrow channels of the clear and beautiful waters is a continual and varied source of admiration. And then the comforts afforded by the polite and efficient officers of the boat add very much to the desirability of this trip; and though the cost of it is so very small the *cuisine* is equal to that of the Atlantic steamers. The table is luxurious enough for any epicure. Everything is spotlessly clean, and the young men who act as waiters strictly and courteously attend to their duties.

Now, reader, remember this is no advertisement, but the candid advice of one who gratefully acknowledges the advantages of this satisfying trip.

PATER-DON.

## The Book Fiend's Discomfiture.

**M**ADAME said the enterprising book agent, inserting one foot upon the threshold as a precaution against the door being closed upon him as soon as his errand became known. "I called to show you a sample of a valuable work which will shortly be issued at the low price of five dollars, elegantly bound, profusely illustrated with genuine steel engravings in the highest style of art."

"Well now," said the old lady, "that's real kind of you. It does look a pretty nice book now, doesn't it? And that's the picture of the author! Well now, do you know there's something about him that reminds me of my cousin Martha Jenkins' husband when they were first married about fifteen years ago, though he's aged a great deal since then, and only natural too, poor man, for they've had a heap of trouble, what between losing three of their children with the diphtheria and him falling in business its no wonder he's grown gray and peaked-like. We all thought Martha was doing so well when she married him, for every body said he was real wealthy and he was reeve of the village then, too; but he was mortgaged to one of those loan companies, and when his partner swindled him and went off to the States the company sold them up and then he moved down to the city and got a job in a livery stable, which was all he could get to do, but he's had a little money left him since, and I expect he'll go into business again, but land's sake, its pretty hard when a man has to begin all over again at his age, for he must be about fifty-five now."

"Yes, ma'am. The very best work of the kind on the market. Should be in the library of every intelligent family who desire to keep pace with the progress of the age. Payments, if desired, in monthly instalments of fifty cents. Should be pleased to take your name as a subscriber."

"I suppose there's many people likes to pay that way, which must be a great convenience for those who have not much money. Now, there was Mrs. Snooper on Berkeley street—perhaps you might know her. When she started house-keeping a couple of years ago, she bought everything on the instalment plan, and I think she did right, for Snooper is one of those careless, easy-going fellows that never put by a cent. They'd been boarding for three or four years, but they didn't like it, and as she says to me last time I saw her—it was down at the market. 'Mrs. Dillaby,' says she, 'there's nothing after all like having a home of

your own; you can come and go as you please.' And Snooper having a steady job all the time, for he's a good workman and well liked by his employers, they was able to pay for it inside of a year, and since then they've managed to put by enough to take a trip to the World's Fair—"

"Yes ma'am—will you?"

"To the World's Fair and I expect they'll have a real good time. Why Mr. Fladd who is a great friend of my son-in-law who has just got back after being away for two weeks, says its perfectly wonderful and that nothing like it was ever seen before, but I don't hold with opening it on Sunday, and it didn't cost him more than fifty dollars, but then he has friends there which makes a difference."

"Quite so—if you wish to—"

"You see his brother has been there for about five years and he's clerk in a big hardware store. He had to take a low salary at first but when he got to know the business they increased it and he got married last summer to a girl that he was engaged to in Goderich. She broke it off once and everybody thought she was going to marry Capt. Wadleigh but the Captain— What you're not going are you? Well, good bye. We've had a real pleasant chat. Call again next time you're passing."

But the agent with a wild and careworn look on his features was already out of hearing.

P. T.

## A Mistaken Judge.

**A** CANADIAN judge who was very abstemious, although not liking to be altogether without a horn, was traveling some years ago on the C.P.R. to spend his vacation at the Coast, and took with him a small case containing two bottles of whisky. Just before arriving at Moosomin he asked a fellow traveler sitting opposite to him, if this was not the place where the police came through the cars examining the baggage for whisky, showing at the same time the small case and explaining its contents.

"Yes," said his traveling companion, "it is, but I am well known to the police (being one myself returning from furlough in plain clothes), and I do not think that they will say anything to me as it is such a small case."

"All right," said the judge; "you take charge of it."

On reaching Moosomin the policeman on duty boarded the train, and walking up to where the one in plain clothes was sitting, said: "Hello, old fellow, I am glad to see you back, you are not due at headquarters for four days yet, come and stay with me." At the same time he picked up the case saying, "When I take this along you can't refuse."

The judge, seeing his whisky departing, called out, "I am a judge, that is mine" (not being willing that either his name or the bar where he dispensed his gruel should become public), "I only asked him to take charge of the case for me."

"So am I," said the present holder of the case, "as it is such a trifling one and you look so tired, I shall have no objection to dispose of it for you."

The judge looked glum but presently his whole countenance brightened up on seeing his fellow-passengers returning from the rear car with the case, the matter having been explained to the one on duty and as far as I know, they have all kept their own counsel about the matter ever since.

The three are now thousands of miles apart, although they all met once since the occurrence when they agreed to try a case between them.

VIATOR.

## How They Play It.

**D**ID you ever watch women alone at whist and note the interest taken? I visited at a suburban hotel in Chicago and one evening after being for a stroll my friend and self walked into the parlor where four ladies, two widows and two young girls, were enjoying a game of whist.

Sitting on a lounge at some little distance we watched the game and occasionally chimed in with our opinion on subjects brought up and cards laid down. Finally the conversation turned to cooking and soon there was a very spirited debate on the way to boil potatoes. The English widow declared that the only way her father would eat potatoes was when put on a quick fire in cold water, which made them white and mealy, and asking what card led played her hand. The elder, an American widow, laid down her card and stated very positively that there was only one correct way, and that was to put them in boiling water. As one of the girls asked what was trumps, the English widow said she would never do them any but the way she learned at home. When the girl took the trick she only liked the potatoes boiled with the jackets on. Then the younger girl dealt a new hand remarking that there could be no difference in boiling anything as ordinary as potatoes, and what did it matter how they were boiled as long as they got soft? Which brought such a storm of indignation from the others, myself and friend included, each giving her opinion over again all at the same time and trying to make herself heard above the others that the poor girl trumped her partner's ace, causing a reprimand from that partner, which was only interrupted by a roar of laughter from some gentlemen standing in the hall who came in and gave their opinion—on whist.

ELSIE WEST.

## A Tale of a Tub.

Illustrating Paterdon's Jo.

**H**E WAS a very fat man. With his wife he was spending a few summer weeks in a retired country village, seeking change and quiet away from the busy hands of men. Now, this stout man missed his morning bath, provided for in such luxurious style in his city home, so on the third day of his stay in the far-away village he ordered a bath to be brought to his room for the following morning. The fat man's wife arose betimes at his request, vacated the apartment, and proceeded to a distant veranda to enable her lord to perform his ablutions in solitude.

He arose, surveyed the situation, and pre-



Watermelon time—Taken by F. T. Harmon in Judge.

pared to enjoy himself as far as the family wash tub, half filled with water from the sparkling stream, would allow. The room occupied by these city visitors was small; its only window looked out on the village street, which window was very near the floor. A highly ornate blind of gay pattern secluded the occupants from the vulgar gaze of curiosity. This blind had a patent spring; it also had a trick unknown to the fat man and his wife. The latter had carefully lowered it before leaving the apartment.

Splash! Splash! The disciple of cleanliness stood in the tub. How cool the water was, how refreshing! "How delicious is the limpid stream!" Poetry filled the soul of the fat man; he quoted a stanza of Tennyson's *Brook*; then hummed a verse of *The Mountain Stream*; his heart was filled with love for things pastoral. To be sure the accommodation provided by the tub was limited, but what mattered that? Its contents were so refreshing. The slight vibration caused by the fat man's efforts to thoroughly enjoy his treat, perhaps jarred the room. The blind performed its trick. It shot up with a whizz to the top of the window. The bather crouched in an agony of fear (as far as he could get) in the family tub. We will draw a veil over the fat man.

It was his wife who discovered him at last, as in abject fear he crouched half under the bed, in frenzied accents entreating a curious female, who had paused in passing, to "Go away!"

The fat man does not like the country as well as he first thought he would; he is going back to the city, where he can enjoy his morning ablutions in seclusion, and where the ornate trick blind is a thing unknown.

FIDELE H. HOLLAND.

## A Queer Place

A tall, well built young man lounged into a London barber's shop a day or two ago, closely followed by a sleek, intelligent Italian greyhound. The man took his place in a chair, and the dog quickly reclined on the floor nearby. The barber stooped to pat the graceful creature, and jocularly said:

"Th' tap av th' mahnin' to yez, Rover."

The dog cocked his ears and looked enquiringly at his master. The latter observed: "Ze doggie do not speak Angles. He's a Parisian." Then he looked at his pet and continued: "Bon jour, Baptist."

The dog enthusiastically whacked his tail upon the floor, and replied to his master's salutation by a low, throat-like gurgle of satisfaction.

"Can he do any tricks?" asked the barber, pausing in his work.

"Certainly," replied the young Frenchman, still speaking broken English; "tell him to roll over."

The barber did so, but the dog merely remained quiet, and a worried anxious expression spread over his face. Then his master repeated the command in French, and the graceful pet, with a short bark of pleasure, at once rolled over and over.

The barber told him to sit up, to charge, to shake hands, etc., but doggie could not understand until his owner repeated the suggestions in his native tongue.

As both left the shop, the barber shook his head doubtfully. "Next!" he called out, and then added in an undertone, "It's meself as must go to Páree. Sure its a quare town where even the dhogs spake Frinch."—*Exchange*.

## Old Story But a Good One.

Three men-of-war-ships, Dutch, French and English, while anchored in port, were contending with each other for the best display of seamanship, so the captain of each vessel determined to send aloft an active sailor to perform some deed of grace and daring. The Dutch captain sent a Dutchman, the French a Frenchman and the English an Irishman. The Dutch man stood on the top of the mainmast with his arm extended. The Frenchman then went aloft and extended both arms.

Now, the Irishman thought if he could stand on the top of the mainmast with a leg and arm extended he would be declared the most daring sailor. Nimbly he climbed aloft until he reached the highest point; thence he carefully balanced himself upon both feet, extending his right hand with a graceful motion. Then he

threw out his left leg until in a line with his right arm. In doing this he ingloriously lost his balance and fell from the masthead, crashing through the rigging toward the deck.

The ropes against which his body came in contact broke his fall, and his velocity was not too great to prevent his grasping a rope attached to the mainyard. To this he hung for two seconds, then dropped lightly to the deck, landing safely on his feet. Folding his arms triumphantly, he glanced toward the rival ships and joyously exclaimed, "There, ye frog-eating and sausage-stuffed furriners, bate that if you can."—*Exchange*.

## Getting Even.

"Any letters here fur Absalom Jacobson?" asked the tall, loose-jointed man with yellow hair and a tuft of faded whiskers on the extreme southern frontier of his pointed chin.

The village postmaster got up from his chair and looked through the J box.

"None," he replied.

"Any papers?"

The postmaster examined the contents of another pigeonhole.

"No papers for Jacobson."

"Letters 'r papers fur Alabena Dulceena Reeta Hayercraft?"

"I don't think there are."

"Wish ye'd look an see."

The postmaster looked through the H boxes.

"None."

"Anything for Barker Eals?"

"No."

"Guess ye'd better look."

The official inspected the boxes again.

"Just as I told you. Nothing for Eals."

"Sime Polhemus?"

Another weary search through stuffed pigeonholes.

"Nothing for Polhemus."

The persistent man at the window kept it up till the postmaster had ascertained by personal investigation that there was neither letter nor paper in the office for Giles Ruggles, Emery Wheelhouse, Barney Stedman, Hickory Twym, Nelson McPelt, Jarvis Kingsbury or Homer Bearce, and then made way reluctantly for an impatient agriculturist from the Bainbridge neighborhood who had been waiting five minutes and was becoming threatening and dangerous.

"What made you ask for all those folks' mail?" inquired an acquaintance as the man with the faded chin whiskers stepped outside the building. "Do they live out in your section?"

"No. They don't live anywher's I know of."

"Then what did you mean by making the postmaster go to all that trouble for nothing?"

"I've been askin fur mail at this awfuf fur mighty near seven months an' never got a blamed thing," replied the other, with a vindictive chuckle, "an' I'm getting even with the gov'ment, b'zosh! That's all!"—*Chicago Tribune*.

## Chocolate Taffy

Harry (to colored nurse)—Which do you like best, Amy, colored children or white children? Amy—Now, Mass' Harry, what makes you ax me dat? You knows berry well I se boun' t' like my own cullah bee'. But I will say dis, Mass' Harry, you's de mos' like a culled chile of any white chile I ebah saw in m' life.

## A Natural Mistake.

"Hallo! this is a World's Fair train," said Dimling as six car-loads of girls rolled into the station.

"No, it isn't," replied the brakeman; "this is a female college out for an excursion. What makes you think it was a World's Fair train?"

"It's she cargo."

## Her Idea of It.

Mrs. Youngbride—See what I have got you, darling—a nice new pair of suspenders.

Mr. Youngbride—How thoughtful of my little turtle-dove!

Mrs. Youngbride—And that is not all, either. Here are some nice new nails to go with them.

## Why He Was Disconsolate.

Beavers (first suburban)—I wonder what makes our friend Frothingham, over there, look so glum this evening?

Sedgwick (second ditto)—I guess he doesn't feel just right. You'll observe that by some strange fatality he hasn't got a bundle with him to carry home.



## A Coat-tail Adventure.

"I never ride over this line," said the man next to me as we were booming along through West Virginia, "without remembering an adventure I had at the white Sulphur springs, or rather on a mountain in that neighborhood."

"Attacked by a wildcat?" I queried.

"No, sir!" he stiffly replied, as if insulted by the idea. "So far as my experience goes, I have never yet heard of a gentleman being attacked by a wildcat. I was out on the mountains for a ramble. Finding a very secluded spot I sat down on a rock to rest."

"And a rattlesnake appeared," I suggested.

"Did he? If so, I didn't see him! I am not in the menagerie business myself, and therefore know nothing about wildcats or rattlesnakes. It had been raining for several days, and unknown to me a large slice of the mountain behind me was moving down into the valley. As I sat on this rock, my coat-tails hung down in a crevice behind me."

"And were seized by a panther, of course, and you were pulled over backwards?"

"Young man, do you wish to hear this adventure?" he frigidly demanded.

"Of course."

"Then don't be quite so forward with your suggestions! What do I know of wildcats, panthers and rattlesnakes! No true gentleman has any use for such creatures. I had been sitting there for perhaps an hour when I decided to return to the hotel. I rose up—no, I did not rise up—I did not rise. My coat-tails were caught as in a vise and I was a prisoner."

"Great Scott! but what an opening for a hungry bear!" I gasped.

"Do you run a menagerie as a regular business?" he sneeringly asked as he turned on me.

"No, but you see—"

"Then don't ring in any more animals or reptiles on me! Such things are vulgar and repulsive to a gentleman. At first I was not greatly alarmed, thinking I could pull myself loose, but a few efforts convinced me that the situation was a serious one. Then I began to shout for help. No help came, my struggles and cries brought on a fierce thirst, but not a drop of water was to be had. By and by the sun went down and night came on."

"And an owl came and perched on a limb over your head and sounded his wild, weird cry!"

"You were there, were you?"

"No, but you see—"

"What are owls selling at in the market just now? Perhaps you have a corner in owls!"

"Go on with your story."

"At intervals during that long and never ending night I cried out, but there was no one to hear me. I thought they might miss me at the hotel and send a searching party, but they did not. Morning finally came. Hunger, thirst and exposure had almost done for me, and I doubted if I could live the day through unless released. I looked up at the morning sky and—"

"And a fierce vulture was poised above you, waiting for the coming feast!"

He turned away from me with such a look of contempt and disdain that I knew I could get nothing more out of him then. Both of us lighted fresh cigars and picked up our newspapers, and it was an hour later when I softly queried:

"Did help come that day?"

"Naw!" he jerked out.

"And you passed a second night?"

"Yes."

"You could by no possible means loosen your coat tails?"

"Would I have been as enough to stay there for thirty-six hours if I could have pulled the tails out and gone my way?" he fairly howled.

We smoked and read some more, and then I asked:

"My dear boy, didn't it occur to you to wriggle out of your coat and leave the blamed thing behind?"

"By George, no!" he gasped as he boomed around on the seat. "Why, of course, I could have done it! Why, any fool would have known enough!"

"What's the matter?" I asked as he grew pale and quiet and regarded me with a baleful eye.

"The idea!" he muttered, "the idea that such a thing should never have occurred to a gentleman, but would be the first move made by a dealer in animals! Young man, take your blamed old wildcats and rattlesnakes and vultures and other baggage and go out of my sight! I want nothing more to say to you while life shall last."—*Detroit Free Press.*

## Topnoody's Typewriter.

Mr. Topnoody was eating his supper very peacefully, and was enjoying it so much that he had not noticed how ominously quiet his wife was at the other end of the table.

"Topnoody," she said, with such force, just as he bit a piece out of a biscuit that he almost choked on it. "I understand you have got a new typewriter in your office."

"Yes, my dear, I have," he replied, in innocent surprise.

"Well, now," she exclaimed, growing red in the face, "I won't have it. A man at your time of life ought to know better, ever if he has no regard for his wife and family. There are men who might, with a certain brazen effrontery, do as you have done, but a man of family, as you are, and a member of the church—I am shocked beyond utterance."

Mr. Topnoody looked as if he were suffering from the same sort of shock, for he was absolutely speechless.

"Don't try to deny it or to explain," she went on angrily, "for you have not only admitted it, but you have admitted it to me and I shall—"

"But, my dear," began Mr. T., recovering his utterance.

"Don't speak to me," she cried, "you have taken that thing into your office when you promised me faithfully you never would have another, and, worst of all, this one is only twenty years old, and the other near forty if she was a day," and she began sobbing.

"I don't know, my dear, how old the other one was," said Mr. T. with a quiet smile, now that the light had dawned on him, "but if the one I got yesterday in twenty years old I'm going to raise a row with the agent who sold it

to me, for he assured me it had just come from the factory."

"I'm an idiot," sobbed Mrs. T., looking up joyfully.

"Yes, dear," responded Mr. T., taking another bite out of the biscuit.—*Detroit Free Press.*

## Coming to the Front at Last.



Stranger—Gimme ten cents, boss, will yer? Party Appealed to—Who are you?  
Stranger—I'm the large, determined-looking man with the keen, bright eyes and the springy step and the air of prosperity whom the newspaper reporters have been mentioning in the corridors of the Fifth Avenue hotel for the past few years.—*Judge.*

## The Heaviest Sentence.

Primus—How did Hollis explain his desertion of his wife and children to the justice?  
Secundus—He said his wife was a virago. He was punished for resisting the police.  
Primus—Got six months on the island?  
Secundus—No. Six months at home.

## The Evolution of a Sentiment.

Maxim generally adopted by elders regarding young ones one or two generations ago: "Children should be seen and not heard."  
Maxim generally adopted by young ones regarding elders at the present time: "Old people should be neither seen nor heard."

## Amateur Gardening.

Young Housewife—James, I want you to make a little garden for me out in the back yard.

Young Husband—Going into amateur gardening?

Young Housewife—Yes; I got some bird-seed this afternoon and I'm going to try to raise some canaries.

## Popularity Waning.

She (after the opera)—Well, it strikes me that Gilbert and Sullivan have had their day.

He—Yes; it's all Corbett now.

## Correspondence Coupon

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Replies unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

LANIER—Quotations are not studied. If you will send me six lines of original matter, and written on unruled paper, I will delineate them.

MICHAEL—Your writing was delineated, and I dare say the character pleased you, if you saw it. I am always sorry when my studies miss their original's notice but I have no space to do them twice.

YOU KNOW ME—Tact, good temper, love of beauty and an affectionate and optimistic nature, rather a deliberate and persevering method, candid, and honorable, but neither markedly original nor forceful. Are you a little fond of your own sweet self?

GRIM—Humor, impulse, good temper, honesty, and a very bright and enterprising personality are yours. You are generous, sociable and not particularly exciting, have good self-esteem and should be a popular, merry and affectionate soul, at peace with yourself and your neighbors, for you can make the best of any place and circumstance.

DREAMER—Strong impulse, love of beauty, a little tendency to idealism, strength and persistence, an original, imperative and clever mind show in this speaking study. Writer is generous and impetuous, self-willed and self-indulgent, bright and magnetic in manner and extremely fond of sensation and motion. His dreams ought to be nightmares sometimes.

BELLS OF THE BALL—Strong self-assertion and determination, rather a bright perception, ambition and a tendency to look up; a somewhat practical and sensible person, reasonably cautious, but not reserved; a nature capable of sacrifice in case of necessity but not apt to needlessly take a martyr's place; a strong rather than a sweet nature, but worthy of considerable admiration.

NONSENSE—I have never bestowed much thought upon Imperial Federation. Candidly, I am not averse to the idea of going it alone, as soon as we are able. I believe very thoroughly in Canada as a country. Your writing gives promise of an excellent character of the strong and reliable sort—but I think it is immature, and would sooner not delineate it for fear of not doing you justice. One thing is certain, that you've chosen a misleading non-deplume.

THE BLACK-BIRD GUY—A little hopeful, a little self-willed, very fond of praise, and anxious to leave a good impression, with a bright mind, and rather vivacious manner, very persistent, rather logical and with good command of ideas; fond of society, but prudent and sometimes cautious; altogether rather an attractive personality, but a little open to improvement in matters of culture—order and neatness are probably, habitual—and plenty of force and impulse can be relied upon.

GEO.—You are rather impractical and I don't think would ever make a business woman; you are apt to waste effort aimlessly, are a little peculiar in temper, idealistic, careful and conscientious, caution and slight mistrust are visible. Your ideas are conservative and your opinions somewhat firm, tact, intuitive perception and power of finance are wanting; affection is light and no marked faculty for determined and sustained action shown. At the same time you can be a loyal and true friend.

FRABON—L. Your non-deplume, if intended for the King of Egypt is wrongly spelled. I read Kipling and like him very much. I did not notice the traits you speak of in that particular sketch; so me it seemed very beautiful. The other books you advise speak well for your humanitarianism. Your letter did not weary me at all, and I am sorry not to give you a graphological delineation, but your writing is such a very studied and unforced hand that it would not repay the effort. As for the enclosure, I could not delineate pencil writing, and the study is, in any case, too immature.

BELIEVER—Some of the lines in your study give the impression of pessimism, and others are as strong and bright that I must infer you're a man of mood; you are clever, somewhat original and dependent on sympathy for happiness. Some humor and warm affection, a love of comfort, slight idealism, strong will and a decidedly forceful and manly individuality. If it were not for those dependent lines, I should like you much better! 2. As to

your person, or any person who tells riddles, I don't approve of him. I don't much care for persons anyway, to tell you the truth. If you happen to be one, why I think you ought to make a pretty decent sort of one. Your writing shows a marked preference for some lighter study than original sin. Is it not music?

A CONSIDERATION—Your writing shows a strong will, much perseverance and courage, good judgment and candor. You are self-conscious, matter-of-fact, with ability to plan large enterprises, but no taste for speculation. I am afraid perception, tact, and the faculty for influencing are not markedly evident. You could argue, but not persuade; at the same time you should be successful in business, though perhaps not in the way you mention. However, you can only find that out by trying, and I am sure you will try honestly and earnestly. Considering the opportunities you have, and your keen disposition and willingness to do you infinite credit. I would that many of my correspondents had your modesty and sterling good qualities.

CARO—1. Such a small attention would be thought nothing of by a person in the whirl of society. It is constantly offered and accepted by more acquaintances. It is the part concerned dears remark upon it, the best thing he can do is to pay the very same attention to one or two more ladies—then, let them fight it out between themselves—the public will think just as they please anyway. They always do. 2. Your writing shows a refined and sensitive nature, a little self-conscious, and desirous for effect. Your affection is rather small, and your tact and intuitive perception excellent; you admire pretty things and are fastidious and natty. You are truthful, rather persevering, with a fairly logical mind and would probably be a favorite in society.

## A Postmaster in Trouble.

GRANTLEY, ONT., July 31.—Probably there is no man more widely known in the County of Dundas and vicinity than Mr. J. C. Munro of this place. He has carried on business as a general store-keeper for twenty years, and has also for many years been the local postmaster. He has long been a prominent church member, and a leading man in social circles. He has always been looked up to with respect and esteem, and his word, to use a phrase current among those who know him, is as good as his bond. It was a matter of general regret when it became known about four years ago, that he was suffering from a kidney ailment, which has afflicted him ever since. The pleasure of Mr. Munro's many friends may more easily be imagined than described, when it was learned he had begun using Dodd's kidney pills, and had found in them a cure by means of which he is rapidly regaining sound health.

## The Promise of the Eyes.

I was seated on a bench in the Bois de Boulogne, whither I had come to enjoy alone and uninterrupted a lovely October afternoon. The gray transparency of the Parisian atmosphere lent a wonderful glamor to the autumn hues, like filmy gauze over the face of some rich Eastern beauty, and the seductive harmony of the colors acted like magic music on the spirit. In the distance, the bare trees looked like vague blue smoke against the pale sky, and, near at hand, the fallen leaves, damp in shadowed places or dry and crisp in the sun, showed all the shades from purple and rich copper to gray and gold.

My gaze was fastened upon the horizon, and I was completely wrapped in that peculiar sadness which exquisite harmony of any kind is apt to produce. Suddenly I heard close to my ear a voice of full, sweet quality:

"Est-ce que ton cœur remplit la promesse de tes yeux?"

"Does your heart fulfill the promise of your eyes?"

I turned and beheld sitting on the bench beside me a young man who was regarding my face with a strange and intense interest.

He was evidently a Frenchman; I should have known that even if I had not noticed his beautiful, musical pronunciation; his eyes were almond-shaped and very brilliant, owing to the bluish color of the whites and the profound black of the pupils, his complexion a rich olive, his features straight and chiseled, and above his sweet, almost childishly innocent mouth a soft dark down was visible. His face was that of an enthusiast, a martyr in posse; he was evidently an extremist, and, like many who are very intense, inclined to narrowness of ideas. There was something in his expression that attracted and fascinated me, something that freed me from any fear, that seemed to place me outside of conventionalities and in another world.

"Does your heart fulfill the promise of your eyes?" he repeated gravely and as though the answer were of great importance.

"What is the promise of my eyes?" I asked, interested and losing all sense of the strangeness of his question.

"A promise sublime and tender," he said; and continuing, after a few moments' pause: "Your eyes promise to render someone perfectly happy; to remove for him all his miseries, his life at your side all trouble and care. They promise to give him pure, eternal joy, unmarred by sadness, to make for him a heavenly paradise upon this weary earth. Swear to me that this promise will be kept."

"But, really, monsieur," I answered frankly. "I think it will not. Such a vow is not possible—I—"

"It is just as I feared," he interrupted me, with a deep sigh. "Well, then, there is but one thing left for me to do. I must close your eyes."

"But why?"

"Because they deceive."

"But that is not my fault."

"No, it is not your fault, poor child; but, all the same, I must extinguish that false promise forever. I must kill you."

He drew from his pocket a small knife of fine Eastern workmanship, with a shining, curved blade and ivory handle.

I looked about us; we were entirely alone and in such a secluded part of the park that it was not likely that anyone was even in hearing distance; the situation was becoming serious; it was necessary to make an effort.

"Monsieur," I commenced timidly, "I—I will empty my eyes of that promise."

"Impossible."

"I will try—try to fulfill it."

"That is the first falsehood you have spoken," he replied severely; "you know that you cannot fulfill it."

"I will close my eyes myself forever."

"Your eyes are stronger than you; nothing but death can control them."

"And do you really wish to kill me?" I asked, temporizing, while I looked about anxiously for some chance of escape.

He grasped my hand and held it firmly, turning his face deliberately away from mine while he answered resolutely, "I must."

"Why?"

"To prevent you from killing many others. You are as a child armed with a sharp sword. You will stab the hearts of many men. It is better that one die than many."

"But, monsieur, I have done nothing."

"Your fingers clinched my wrist like iron, his features were pitiless, he would not look at me, the stillness about us was frightful."

"You may not be guilty," he said gloomily, "but I am appointed your executioner. Between your heart and your eyes there exists a fearful lie; the one will not, cannot, give what the others promise. It is the duty of every honest man to fight and to put an end to lies. In the name of Truth—here he raised his knife to his lips, kissing the blade with a solemnity that caused me to shiver violently—"I sacrifice you—"

"Wait, wait, monsieur—one moment!" I cried. "One last request."

"Only one," he assented, pausing as though for just a moment, his hand still raised with a murderous gesture.

"You are going to kill me on account of what you read in my eyes, are you not?"

"It is for that that I sacrifice you."

"Well, then, before—before you kill me, allow me to look in yours."

"That is just," he murmured to himself, and, turning his head toward me, his brilliant eyes, burning with a secret fire, met mine.

With all my might I tried to read in those mysterious orbs; I endeavored to look within those windows of the soul to discover, if possible, the motives that inspired my strange companion, to find a clue to his actions, something that would tell me how to influence him. My eyes plunged and lost themselves in those clear depths as in a still lake shadowed by mountains; deeper and deeper sank my spirit in those translucent wells of darkness, searching, searching, and not finding. Those brown waves were endowed with a Lethian potency; I forgot my danger, the world, myself, everything; I was drowned in oblivion, seeking the source of those bottomless springs.

I was aware of nothing that was going on around me, and so I did not notice the change that must gradually have come over the young Frenchman's face during our long, mutual gaze. His brows contracted, his features relaxed, his lips trembled, and the hand that held the dagger felt nerveless by his side.

I saw nothing of this and was in another world until a sudden, shrill cry from him brought me back to consciousness.

"It is too late, I can not," and he dropped my hand with a groan, bursting into tears. "It is too late; I wished to save others but I have only lost myself. I have gone too near the flame."

I arose as in a dream and walked slowly down the path covered with yellow, rustling leaves. The young man made no sign, no motion to detain me. At the turn of the road I looked back at him; he was still sitting with his elbows on his knees, his face buried in his hands, his figure convulsed with sobs, the picture of complete despair.—*Pauline Hoffman in the Argonaut.*



## A Bright Lad,

Ten years of age, but who declines to give his name to the public, makes this authorized, confidential statement to us:

"When I was one year old, my mamma died of consumption. The doctor said that I, too, would soon die, and all our neighbors thought that even if I did not die, I would never be able to walk, because I was so weak and puny. A gathering formed and broke under my arm. I hurt my finger and gathered and threw out pieces of bone. If I hurt myself so as to break the skin, it was sure to become a running sore. I had to take lots of medicine, but nothing has done me so much good as Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It has made me well and strong."—T. D. M., Norcutt, Kans.

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## Cricket Notes.

SINCE the introduction of cricket into this country it is doubtful whether as many big scores have been compiled in any one month as during the past month of July. No one club can claim a monopoly of the power to run up a lot of runs. Toronto, Rosedale, Parkdale, all through the country, eleven have been keeping the clerk of the figure board hard at work; even East Toronto, whose batting stock seems to be away below par, has made over a hundred runs per innings in three matches in one week. Last Saturday's match against Hamilton in the Association series was one of the most extraordinary displays of individual cricket it has ever been my luck to see. The game might well be called the Berry-Dean match, for the latter certainly won the game for Hamilton, making 106 out of 177; and if anybody could have saved the game for East Toronto it was Berry, who was the only bowler who appeared to have any command over the sphere. His analysis was 7 wickets for 41 runs. Of the Orient batsmen, King, a new man, showed best form, making 27 in the first and 25, not out, in the second innings. He is a very clean, strong bat and can hit very quickly and hard. Five other men reached doubles. The fielding was not first class on either side, but the East Toronto men showed that they were unused to a fast outfield. Most active men can field fairly well on a slow ground, but put them on a fast, hard outfield and they are quickly weighed in the balance and found wanting. The truth of the matter is that fielding is just as much a matter of brains or head-work as any other department of the game; in fact, a fielder should have his brains in his fingers and toes. An active man may chase along the boundary at top speed, secure the ball on the fly and "bring down the house" by his work. The brainy fielder will have foreseen the stroke from the pitch of the ball and the style of the batsman, and will have moved in expectation. Anyone who saw the English eleven under Lord Hawke field, or read the comments in the American press will understand what I mean. Baseball fielding is doubtless a splendid training for cricket, but it is purely physical, a matter of hand and eye; the ball does not pitch on the ground and, until it has actually left the bat, the fielder cannot tell in what direction it is going. The baseball man may be able physically to cover more ground than the cricketer, but the latter, with his knowledge of the game, will move in the direction in which the ball will travel before his more active compeer, and will do the same amount of work with less brilliancy, no doubt, but with also less fatigue, an important matter if a two-day match is in progress. People are mistaken when they say, "Baseball men are better than cricketers in the field." They are nothing of the sort until they have gained the thorough knowledge of the game necessary to enable them to do the same amount of work, and then they are cricketers. Out here we don't pay much attention to a man's fielding; at all events we never pick a man solely because he is a first-class fielder, yet in England it is often done. G. B. Studd, who was afterwards captain of the Cambridge eleven when they defeated Murdoch's famous Australian eleven, was first played by the Light Blues on account of his wonderful powers as a cover point; V. K. Royal was played by Lancashire simply for his fielding, in the same position, while wicket-keepers innumerable have worked their way to the front solely because they were good behind the stumps.

Another thing that every cricketer should make up his mind to is to submit to the authority of his captain. A very disgraceful occurrence took place on Saturday last when several members of an eleven refused to go in a second time, although told to do so, because they had not been consulted, or perhaps because they were afraid of spoiling their averages. The result was that the captain was placed in an extremely humiliating position. He had to go out and apologize to the opposing captain for the conduct of his men, a decidedly pleasant task, and a sort of tacit confession that his men were cowards or worse. Comment upon an incident of this kind is unnecessary; fortunately it is rare.

"Who do you think will play in the International match?" is frequently heard among cricketers now, and then each man quotes those of his choice and compares their merits with those of the men advocated by the others. Everybody who poses as a connoisseur picks Terry, Goldingham and Laing as certainlies, while many add Saunders, Lyon and others, forgetting that the match is an international game and that representatives from all over the country have to be chosen if the character of the eleven is to harmonize with its name. Toronto in justice cannot expect to have more than four representatives, if the claims of Hamilton, London and Ottawa are to be considered, while Winnipeg and Halifax also desire to send their quota. The truth is that to get together the strongest eleven in the country, there is no necessity to go beyond the borders of the Province of Ontario. The four towns mentioned can contribute eleven men who will whip any other eleven cricketers in Canada, and the knowledge of this fact does not tend to make the task of choosing the International eleven any easier. Next to Toronto, London has certainly the strongest claims, if public form has anything to do with it. On the other hand a gentleman who knows the London men very well says that the club is strong, because the men are all good, just about the same calibre, who know each other's play thoroughly, but none good enough to play for Canada. Gillespie and Martin of Hamilton are probabilities, and Bristow of Ottawa is worthy a place. Suppose those mentioned are picked, it will leave three places for the East and West to squabble over. The best thing that the committee can do is to pick the eleven from Ontario alone and convey the fact as gently and politely as possible to the men from elsewhere that they live too far out.

There are great times ahead of those who have the task of selecting the Ontario eleven for the inter-provincial or whatever match will take its place. These are a few of the candidates. Atkinson and Kollage of Chatham;

Ryall and Paget of Paris; Simpson and Trotter of Galt; Beemer, Walker and Bacon of London; Gillespie, Martin and Dean of Hamilton; Garrett and Wheatley of West Toronto Junction; Forrester, Lyon and Bowbanks of Rosedale; Berry, Harrison and E. Smith of East Toronto; Leigh, Dean, Clark and Morrison of Parkdale; Goldingham, Terry, Laing, Saunders, Jones, Cameron and Wadsworth of Toronto.

It is said that both Paris and Guelph have written to the Ontario Cricket Association asking that in case there is a match East vs. Western Ontario their grounds be selected as the scene of the contest. If I had a vote I would give it to Paris. There is a town in which cricket is the game for everybody. The town throws its soul right into it. The grounds are the most picturesque in the country, the outfield good, while Barracough, the ex-professional, is on hand to prepare the finest and truest of wickets. It would boom cricket in the west to play that game at Paris, if played at all.

## He Was Satisfied.

Country boys who are inclined to think that life in cities is easy and comfortable compared with their daily toil in the country, are apt to find themselves mistaken when they come to town and subject themselves to the high pressure system of business establishments. An amusing example of this sort is related by a country exchange.

A farmer's boy went to the city, finding the work at home rather tiresome, and obtained a situation in a large "family supply" store where a "rushing business" was carried on. He "took hold" very well and his employers liked him.

They were surprised, however, when he came to them before he had been two months in the store and said:

"Well, Mr. A., I guess I'll have to get through here next Saturday night."

"Get through?" said his employer. "Why, what's gone wrong?"

"Oh, nothing particular."

"Aren't you treated well?"

"First-rate, but I'll tell you just how it strikes me. Up on the farm we used to have the thrashing machine come once a year, and then we thrashed for three days, and you'd better believe we worked hard, but I tell you what, I've been here now seven weeks and you've thrashed every day! I guess I've got enough of it."

He went back to the farm convinced that a farmer's life has its compensations.—*Youth's Companion.*

## Comical Attempt at Suicide

There is nothing more comical than some of the things that actually occur.

One day last week two men in a boat near Fort Lee on the Hudson saw something on the water that looked like a silk hat. They rowed quite close to it, and saw a white face under the glossy silk hat and a pair of wide staring eyes with an appealing glance.

"Don't come near me, scoundrels. Go away and leave me to my fates. Don't you see I was committing some suicides already?"

The speaker was a good-looking young man who was up to his chin in the water.

"If you want to die," said one of the boatmen, "why don't you go where it is deeper?"

"Don't make fun of me. I am waiting for the tide to rise. I was tired of life."

The men in the boat tried to persuade the would-be suicide to get into the boat, but he refused, so they dragged him into shallow water. He was shivering with cold and his hands looked as if he had been in the water for hours. He was put in jail temporarily, but refused to answer any questions. An enterprising reporter, however, discovered that his name is Harry Rosenberg. He started a factory on Canal street, and invested considerable money in "Harry Rosenberg's Medicated Wash, 24 cents fine," but it did not sell, hence he determined to put an end to his life.

With the exception of that Texas man who tried to commit suicide with a towel, but came down with a crash, this is the most dismal failure on record.—*Texas Siftings.*

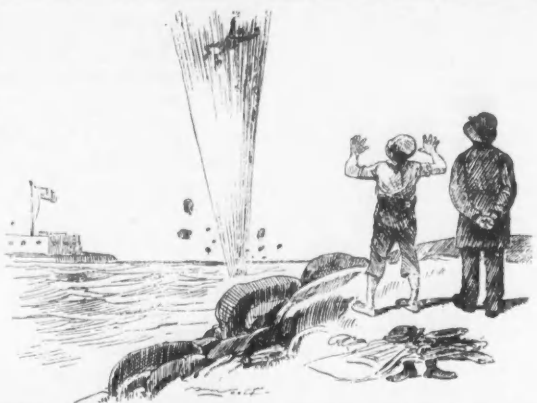
## They Were Green

For the sake of realism we will say that the man in this story was Colonel B. of Saginaw, who knows timber almost as well as he knows state politics. Of course it wasn't the colonel, but that doesn't count. In any event, a year or so ago he was down on one of the mountain streams of east Tennessee picking up walnut logs. One day two very green-looking yaps from the hills came into the tavern where he was stopping and asked for him. He happened to be in the office and heard their inquiry.

"I'm your man," he said. "What will you have?"

"We've got a walnut log down here in the creek," said one, "and we want to sell it. We was goin' ter Knoxville, an' pap' lowed us we wanted money we could sell the log and git enough ter pay our expenses. D' you want ter buy it?"

"Take me down to see it," said the Michigan man, and they walked about a quarter of a



Public Guardian—I suppose I ought to have warned yez that they were goin' to thry some submarine torpedoes from the fort beyant, but it shipped me mind intirely. If yez want yer frind's rimmants yez had better wait aroun' until the nixt tide!—*Life.*

mile down the stream and found it moored to a root on the bank. It was a big one, and had been in the water so long it was black on the ends. The buyer walked along its length, ran his measuring rod around its sides and across its ends, rattled the bark and found it solid, and at last offered the yaps \$60 for it.

Their eyes fairly bulged out at the offer and they took it quick. Then the Michigan man watched them take their departure for Knoxville. He chuckled then, for the log was worth \$150 clean. But the Michigan man didn't say anything. He hurried that log down stream to the nearest shipping point to load it on the cars with some more he had. Three days later he went down himself.

"See that last log I sent down?" he asked of his man at the station. "Fine log; got it for \$60; worth \$150 sure," and he chuckled some more.

"Did you send that log?" enquired the man laughing like a horse.

"Of course; what's the matter with it?"

"Nothin' much; only it ain't a walnut log at all."

"Not walnut?" and the buyer looked sick.

"Course it ain't; it's a sycamore, with walnut bark fastened all around it with fine wire and the ends soaked in green walnut hull juice. I reckon it's worth about four dollars."

The Michigan man swallowed his Adam's apple about seventeen times in ten seconds. Then he recovered his speech and made the air so blue with profanity that the folks in the next county thought the woods were on fire.—*Detroit Free Press.*

## Dreadful.

A man in Weehawken has a pair of twins that have to have everything told them when they are together because they are so much alike that they can't be told apart.

## Bad Either Way.

Salvationist—If you swear at those horses you'll never get to heaven.  
City Driver—Yes; an' if I don't swear at 'em I'll never git to Mimico.



## SUMMER RESORTS.

**The Iroquois House**  
BELCEIL MOUNTAINS  
ST. HILAIRE, P. Q.

**Canada's Lovely Summer Resort**  
OPEN JUNE 1ST

New Management, New Rates, New Buildings  
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Or 156 St. James St., Montreal.

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LAKE JOSEPH

The Muskoka Summer Resort is Now Open  
W. B. MACLEAN, Proprietor.

**HOTEL LOUISE, LORNE PARK**  
NOW OPEN

G. O. H. Orchestra Wednesday & Saturday  
REDUCED RATES FOR JUNE  
For rates apply—  
E. PATTERSON,  
Lorne Park, Ont.

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PARRY SOUND

This summer resort is  
NOW OPEN TO RECEIVE GUESTS

The scenery is unusually picturesque and the air pure. Excellent opportunities for Boating, Fishing, etc. Terms moderate. The trip by Steamer Manitou from Penetanguishene and Midland is one of the most beautiful in the Province.  
PARRY SOUND HOTEL CO.

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Canada's Great Summer Resort  
The 30,000 islands of the Georgian Bay, Lake Huron, 677 feet above sea level, 15 acres of Waterfront Park.  
Four hours from Toronto. Through Pullman car \$3.00 a week. For terms, etc., address THE SECRETARY, "The Penetanguishene," Penetanguishene, Ont., Canada.

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MUSKOKA  
First-class in all its appointments. Now open, ready for guests.  
J. F. BROWN, Proprietor.

## JOHN LABATT'S ALE AND STOUT

## Visitors to the World's Fair

Will find these reliable brands of pure

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on sale at all the leading hotels, restaurants, clubs and refreshment rooms in CHICAGO.  
Families supplied by C. JEVNE & CO., 110-112 Madison Street, Chicago.

ASK FOR THEM

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TONDERN ISLAND

MUSKOKA LAKE

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WINDERMERE - MUSKOKA

This favorite summer resort is delightfully situated on the shores of Lake Rosseau, and is now open for the reception of guests. The table is plentifully supplied with all the season's delicacies, and the dining-room is famed for its splendid view of the lake. Nice sandy beach for bathing and daily mail, express and telegraph from all points. All inquiries receive prompt attention.  
DAVID FIFE, JR., Proprietor.

## PROSPECT HOUSE

Port Sandfield, Muskoka

This popular and well known first-class hotel is now open for the reception of guests. Situated at the junction of lakes Rosseau and Joseph, and being 800 feet above Lake Ontario, the location is the most delightful in the Muskoka region. Still under the personal management of  
ENOCH COX, Proprietor.

## The Monteith House

MUSKOKA

Is beautifully situated within two hundred yards of

THE FAMOUS SHADOW RIVER

Has the most modern sanitary arrangements of any hotel in this region and has daily mail and express. Telegraph office in the building.  
Rates cheerfully quoted on application to—  
JOHN MONTEITH, Proprietor.

## The ST. LEON SPRINGS HOTEL

(THE SARATOGA OF CANADA)

Under the management of Mr. M. A. THOMAS, of Toronto, will be

OPEN FOR GUESTS JUNE 15

An illustrated booklet showing views of surrounding scenery sent free on application.

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Port Carling, Muskoka Lakes

Is now open for the season. Terms on application.  
JOHN FRASER, Proprietor.

## MUSKOKA SUMMER RESORT

INTERLAKEN HOTEL  
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The most central house on the Muskoka Lakes. Terms \$5 per week. Special rate to a party of four gentlemen or four ladies. Cottage to let, with or without board.  
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## Peninsular Park Hotel

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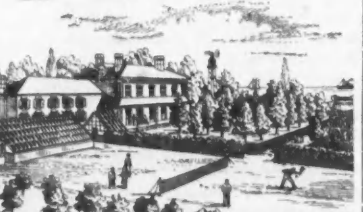
Situated on Lake Simcoe, only 60 miles ride by G. T. R. Boats meet every train.  
Under the Management of MR. S. BARNETT  
Toronto Board of Trade.

It is appointed with every modern convenience and improvement. Electric lighting. Electric bell attached to every room. Perfect arrangements for comfort of guests.  
Superior Board—Moderate Charges  
Private Bathing Houses for Ladies

Forty Acres of Ground  
Fishing - Boating - Tennis  
Bowling Alley - Ball Room

The management are determined to spare neither expense or pains to make this resort

THE PEOPLE'S FAVORITE  
Open for reception of guests June 15.  
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Proprietor Board of Trade Cafe, Toronto.



**LAKEHURST SANITARIUM**  
For the treatment of Inebriety, Opium Habit and Nervous Disorders. Bubble Chamber at Gold System. The hall equipped and most delightfully situated health resort within 100 miles of Toronto. Complete privacy if desired. Lake house. For full information apply Room 35, Bank of Commerce Chambers, Toronto, or The Medical Superintendent, Oakville, Ont.

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LITTLE  
LIVER  
PILLS.

## CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

## SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

## HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint, but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

## ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents five for \$1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.  
Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.



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Are sold with a guarantee. If not satisfactory, have your money refunded.

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TUTTI FRUTTI

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FOR FIFTY YEARS!  
MRS. WINSLOW'S  
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has been used by Millions of Mothers for their children while teething for over Fifty Years. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.  
Twenty-five Cents a Bottle.

DUNN'S  
BAKING  
POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND  
LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.







## Social and Personal.

Continued from Page Two.

the concert was a great success, and about fifty dollars was handed over to the trustees towards the enlargement of the parsonage.

Mr. James Sadd and the Misses Sadd of Avenue road have returned from a pleasant visit to the World's Fair.

Old Orchard numbers amongst its visitors the following from Toronto: Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Gooderham and the Misses Gooderham, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gooderham, Miss Gates, Mr. D. T. Symons, Mrs. Hugh Ryan, Mrs. Austin Smith and Mrs. Percy Greene.

Mrs. James Carruthers returned from Muskoka this week, and left to-day for Old Orchard Beach with her little son.

Mrs. Campbell left to-day for Port Sandfield, Muskoka.

The annual regatta and ball at Port Sandfield are fixed for next Wednesday and Thursday, August 9 and 10.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Ivens and two children, of Ontario street, left this week for England. Mrs. Ivens has been in delicate health for some time, and it is hoped will derive benefit from the trip. Mr. Eddie Ivens and Mr. T. H. Cramp will camp out in Muskoka during the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. John Wright and sons left for Cape Elizabeth on Tuesday evening.

Next Wednesday and Thursday should witness a happy and jovial gathering at the congress of anglers to be held in memory of Isaac Walton of piscatorial prowess. The congress has selected Niagara-on-the-Lake for their reunion and the meeting is called the Walton Ter-Centenary. Wednesday will be devoted to fishing and other amusements. In the evening a fish dinner will be held in the ball-room of the Queen's Royal Hotel, followed by a smoking concert. Fish stories will be asked for from the assembled anglers, and a committee will award a prize to the teller of the best story, without limitation as to its verity or originality. A fly-casting competition, for prizes presented by Mr. Henry Winnett, will take place on Thursday; entries for which close on Wednesday at 9 p.m.

The Circular City Cycle Club of Goderich have gotten out a most original looking programme on rough gray paper for their first annual meet. They guarantee a special good time to their visitors of August 17, and promise the best cycling roads in Canada. Goderich has them, everyone knows.

Professor Botthast of Weisbaden is visiting Mr. and Mrs. John Taylor of Florsheim.

Mr. and Mrs. George Dunstan, who have been visiting at Long Branch, have returned home.

Miss Alice Bunting was a guest at the home of Mr. Eale of Buffalo, when it was destroyed by fire last week.

Dr. Carlyle and family are away for the holidays.

Miss Taylor of Florsheim left yesterday for a visit in Muskoka.

Messrs. Lawrie Boyd, Joe Hughes, W. Athol Smith and Miller Lash, returned to town last Saturday after a most eventful sail to Penetang in Chancellor Byrd's steam-yacht, Halco, in very stormy weather.

Among the many attractive guests at the Queen's Royal are Mrs. Lyon of Toronto and her daughter, Miss Moulie Lyon. Mrs. Lyon is a daughter of Sir Henry Strong of Ottawa, and still retains much of the personal charm which gave her in past years foremost rank among Toronto's brunette beauties.

News comes from Edinburgh that our beautiful and talented professor of elocution, Miss Agnes Knox, has become Mrs. Ebenezer Charlton Black. The marriage took place last Wednesday week, at Auld Reekie.

The usual social Saturday hop at Hotel Louise, Lorne Park, last Saturday was the best yet held. One hundred couples from the city attended. The music was grand and the programme an excellent one.

Mr. C. W. Armstrong, of Evans & Sons, was presented on Friday, the 28th, with a handsome oak cabinet by the employees of the firm. The principals gave the bridegroom-elect a handsome check at the same time. The presentation was made by Manager Waterhouse, who expressed the good wishes of the firm and employees toward Mr. Armstrong on his contemplated marriage.

Mrs. and Miss Chopitea, who have been at Long Branch for some weeks have gone for a season to Old Orchard Beach.

Mr. John Ogden of Burton-on-Trent has been for some days the guest of his old friend, Mr. John Wright. Mr. Ogden is circumnavigating the globe and has been round the Cape, and visited Australia, New Zealand, Honolulu, San Francisco and Niagara.

Mrs. W. E. Wilson and daughter of 296 Seaton street have returned from Chicago after a five weeks' holiday.

## The Summer Hotels.

The following have registered during the week at the Peninsular Park Hotel, Lake Simcoe:—Mr. A. Grant of New York, Mr. Geo. M. Montgomery of Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Cragg of Brooklyn, Mr. W. H. Harvey of Hamilton; Mrs. Samuel Nordheimer, Miss Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. W. Ince, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. James Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Greene, Mrs. Robert Crean, Mr. Ross Hayter, Mr. Herbert Hayter, Mr. Wm. Stitt, Mr. and Mrs. Fred H. Cragg, Miss S. V. Brompton, the Misses Langmuir, Mr. H. H. M. Temple, and Mr. Angus Macdonald of Toronto.

Penetanguishene Hotel:—Mr. W. T. Walker of Galt, Mr. C. J. Haigh and family of Detroit, Mr. A. D. Harvey of Hamilton, Mr.

Charles F. Buck and family of New Orleans, Mr. E. Rogerson of Leroy, Dr. H. T. Arnall of Allandale, Mr. S. Paton of New Lowell; Mrs. Ferguson, Miss Annie and Master Harry Ferguson, Mr. F. Norman, Major Rogers, Mr. S. J. Sanford, Mr. John Devine, Mr. A. L. Sanders, Mr. B. McPhee, Mr. A. C. Woods and Mr. H. A. Kortright of Barrie; Dr. Thorburn, Mr. Robert Hodge, Mr. Thos. Casmely, Mr. H. O. Boulton, Mr. W. D. Matthews and family, Mr. T. H. Morrison, Mr. Thrift Burnside, Mr. A. Munro Grier, Mrs. Wyatt, Capt. Gilpin Brown, Mrs. L. B. Boulton, Miss Macdonald, Miss Bostwick, Mr. and Mrs. Scott, Mr. C. J. Campbell, Mr. Stephen Haus, Mr. F. Nicholls, Mr. H. W. Evans, Mr. L. C. Laishley, Mrs. Kingsmill, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Kappelle with nurse and children, Mrs. M. B. Hayes, and Mr. J. H. Macdonald and family of Toronto.

Maplehurst Hotel:—General and Mrs. Haultain of Peterboro', Mr. J. A. McPherson and family of Hamilton, Mrs. M. Rogers and child of Cleveland, Mr. H. B. Slavin of New York, Mr. M. Slavin and Mr. A. J. Slavin of Orillia, Miss Argo of Fergus; Mr. and Mrs. Mark Irish, Miss M. A. Wilkie, Mr. Arthur Wilkie, Miss Homer Dixon, Miss K. Dixon, Miss J. Dixon, Mrs. R. H. Dalton, Mrs. J. L. Brodie, Miss Edith Brodie, Miss Ethel Brodie, Master W. G. Brodie, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Berham, Messrs. J. George and Douglas Berham, Mr. W. A. Hamilton, Mrs. and Miss Birkett-Jones, Mr. A. J. Arnold, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Gibbs, Mrs. and Miss Bonnell, Mr. Ernest M. Crakon, Miss M. Crakon, and Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Tackaberry of Toronto.

Prospect House, Port Sandfield:—Judge and Mrs. Dawson, Rev. Richard Graham of Columbus, O., Mrs. Morrison, Mrs. J. B. Fairgrieve and Mrs. K. McKenzie of Hamilton, Dr. and Mrs. Otto Landmann, and Miss Susie Friss of Toledo, O., Mr. and Mrs. Walter Lindsay of Milton; Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer, Mr. Robert Baldwin, Mrs. Major Mason and family, Mr. F. T. Phillips and family, Mr. G. C. Biggar, Mr. A. W. Ballantyne, Mr. Napier Robinson, Mr. Osborne Brooke, Mr. Walter Read, Mr. and Mrs. V. C. Brown, Mrs. Moss, Mrs. Jas. Carruthers, Miss M. Jenner, Mr. Robert Hodge, Mrs. C. Maddison and family, and Mr. R. W. Cosby of Toronto.

Among the guests at Ferndale House, Muskoka, are: Mr. and Mrs. John Labatt, family and nurse, Miss McDonough, Mrs. Maurice Baldwin and daughter, Miss and Miss Margaret Scatterd of London, Capt. and Mrs. Tidswell, Mr. and Mrs. Finlay and family of Hamilton, Mrs. John Farley, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Travers of St. Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Beatty and child, Miss Wood, Miss Dick, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Gundy, Mr. and Mrs. Blackhall and family, Mr. W. Oxley, Mr. Webber, of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Pierce, Miss Fennell of Berlin; the Misses Ridgeway of Guelph, Mr. and Mrs. Nation, family and nurse of Brandon, Man.

Hotel Chautauqua:—Mrs. George Harman and family, Mrs. C. C. Bains and family, Mrs. Sprague and family, Miss Morgan, Rev. J. H. Starr, Misses Mary and Annie Hagarty, Mrs. A. H. Wright and family, Mr. Thomas McMillan, Mrs. Deane, Mrs. Charles Lyons, Mr. W. Nixon, Mr. Percy Welby, Mr. Davidson Harman, Rev. A. Langford, Mr. and Mrs. Henderson, Miss H. Saunders, Mr. A. Effingham Mason, Miss Edith Mason, Miss Mack, Rev. Arthur Manning, Mr. John Wright, Mr. Walter Wright, Mrs. A. R. Williams, Miss Bertha Williams, Mrs. Cassie Willis, Mrs. Hamilton Merritt, Mrs. Murney, Mr. Joe. Blakely and wife of Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. M. Knaut, Miss Stella Knaut, Miss Cora Knaut of Cincinnati, Ohio, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Fraser and children, Mr. Henry Percy, Niagara Falls, Miss Webster New York, Mrs. Rushton Foster and son of New Orleans.

Hotel Louise, Lorne Park:—Mr. A. B. English, Mr. J. C. Croften, Miss Edwards, Mr. A. G. Crawford, Miss N. Hurst, Mr. R. Holden, Mrs. Pratt, Mrs. Park, Mr. Herbert McLellan, Mr. D. Cross, Mrs. C. H. Henderson, Mr. J. Armstrong, Mr. J. Sharkey, Mr. A. Byron, Mr. I. Weldon, Mrs. R. M. A. Payne, Mr. E. W. Evans, Rev. Hunt, Mr. S. H. Laughlin, Mr. Fletcher and wife, Mr. R. A. Souter, Miss Anderson of Guelph, Mr. George Sinclair, Mrs. E. Fielding, Miss A. Fielding, Mr. Bruce Brough, Mr. M. Johnson, Mrs. Wiggle and daughter, Master Bertie Brown, Mr. F. W. Rathbone, Mr. J. Edwards, Mr. A. H. Harris, Mr. George Gorrie, Mr. B. C. Ross, Mr. T. Lucas, Miss D. Gooderham, Miss Madeline, Miss Rowland, Mr. B. E. Wood, M.D. of London, Mr. A. R. Thompson, Mrs. Edwards, Mr. E. B. Fielding, Mr. Joseph Whyte, Mrs. W. R. Holden, Miss Hill, Mr. J. Whatmough, Mrs. Sutherland, Mrs. C. H. Henderson, Mr. George Johnston, Mr. L. Rosenthal, Mr. James Sinclair, Mr. C. Yates, Mr. A. Gillis of Montreal, Mr.

L. Roche, Miss Evans, Mr. W. K. Henderson, Mr. E. Meade, Capt. and Mrs. Jessopp, Mr. W. M. Read, Miss N. Clarke, Mr. G. Begg, Miss Fielding, Mr. and Mrs. Vary, Mr. and Mrs. W. McConell and children, Mr. I. J. Higgins, Mr. I. Langley, Mrs. Brown, Mr. S. J. Snell, Mr. R. Smith, Mr. Frank Matthews, Mr. J. McCurran, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Hendrick, Miss M. Burke, Mr. J. Walsh, and Dr. Elliott.

NEW NOVELS  
AT  
80 YONGE STREET  
NEAR COR. KING.The HEAVENLY TWINS  
By SARAH GRANDPARSON JONES  
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By THE DUCHESSVESTY OF THE BASINS  
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OF  
UNQUESTIONED WORTH  
MAKE UP  
**McPHERSON'S  
WEEDING-OUT  
SALE**  
Never Were Such Tidy Shoes Offered  
Before at Sale Prices.  
Foster & Co.'s World's Famous Ox-  
fords will be sold during this sale at  
\$1.03 less than in their home—Chicago,  
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A widowed lady, with boy of six, desires position as housekeeper. Educated; competent; references. Address HOUSEKEEPER, SATURDAY NIGHT OFFICE.  
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**BELL** Great Durability  
Latest Designs  
Moderate Prices  
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East side, below Adelaide Street.



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It is a fact that they are selling the whole of their valuable stock of DIAMONDS, WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVERWARE, CLOCKS, BRONZES, SPECTACLES, OPERA GLASSES, &c. at a REDUCTION OF 25 to 50 PER CENT.  
It is a fact that they are selling cheaper than any other house in the trade.  
It is a fact that it will pay every intending purchaser to visit their establishment before buying.  
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168 Yonge Street, Toronto  
N.B.—Store closes at 1 p.m. Saturdays during August

DUCHESS OF OXFORD RANGES  
Are a Grand Success. Are Sold on their Merits.

... THESE RANGES ...

Have the Largest Oven  
Are the Most Economical  
Are the Greatest Water Heaters  
Are the Handsomest in the Market.

## OUR PATENT DOUBLE OVEN FLUE

Insures a Quick Working Oven with smallest consumption of fuel.

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W. H. Sparrow... 87 " " W  
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Rosebrough & Sons... 275 " " "  
A. Welch... 304 " " "  
Joseph Harrington... 619 " " "  
S. Hobbs... 1454 " " "  
Thos. Sturgeon... 436 College Street  
Levi Washington... 651 Queen E.  
Harkley Bros... 431 Spadina Avenue  
H. Fletcher... 142-144 Dundas Street  
J. A. Hall... 1007 Yonge Street  
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S. Greer... 1134 Queen Street W  
MANUFACTURED BY  
**The GURNEY FOUNDRY COMPANY, Toronto**  
Show Room—500 King Street West.

**Stanway & Bayley**  
42 Front Street East - Toronto  
**Queen's Royal Hotel**  
NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE  
A charming spot to avoid the heat of the dog days and enjoy the delights of a pleasant watering place. The monster on the hotel lawn has not registered above 72 degrees this season.  
**SPECIAL HOPS EVERY SATURDAY EVENING** Music by Famous Orchestra of Buffalo  
Special rate of \$2.50 Saturday to Monday, including return fare on Niagara Navigation Company's splendid steamers. Tickets at Queen's Hotel, Toronto.  
Greatly reduced rates for two weeks or longer.  
Anglers' Conference Aug. 9. Tennis Tournament begins Aug. 29.  
H. WINNETT, Queen's Royal Hotel, Niagara-on-the-Lake.

## To My Patrons and the Public generally:

Having just received a large consignment of light summer goods for the coming warm weather suitable for Tennis and Boating, would ask your inspection, as they are undoubtedly the finest assortment of these goods ever imported to this country. An early call will give you first choice.

Henry A. Taylor

In Muskoka  
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By the Lakes

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Cheap English Edition—Published Wednesday, July 13

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## Niagara-on-the-Lake.

The following registered at the Queen's Royal last Saturday: Mr. W. W. Beardmore, Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Blackstock, Miss Parsons, Mr. W. R. Smith, Mr. William Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Wood, Mr. Thos. Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Lee, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. and Miss Beatty, Mr. Allan McLean and Miss McLean Howard, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Smith, Mr. J. B. McLean, Mrs. Edward, Mr. E. C. and Mr. J. Gordon Jones, Mrs. Winn and Miss Leys of Toronto, Mrs. Meadowcroft of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Evans, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Cameron and Mr. A. W. Barnard of Hamilton, Mr. E. A. Kent, Mr. W. B. Hull, Mr. Porter G. Willett, Mr. Ira B. Moulton, Mr. Henry E. Warner, Mr. Charles Butman, Mrs. Jas. Butman, Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Gordon, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Buckherdt, Mr. E. Wilson, Mr. Knowlton, Mr. Henry E. Grant, Mr. W. H. Roblin, Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Fryer of Buffalo, Miss M. E. Thompson of Colorado Springs, Mr. and Mrs. Packard of Niagara Falls, Miss Macklem of Niagara Falls, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Scadding of Toledo; the Misses Joseph of Toronto.

Miss Dupont of Toronto was the guest this week of Mrs. J. Gibb.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Syer arrived at the Anchorage on Friday of last week.

Dr. J. Baldwin, who has been so ill for the past few weeks, was able to be out again this week.

Mr. A. and Miss Colquhoun were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hunter last Sunday. Mrs. Kallaly of Morrisburg is stopping with the Ven. Archdeacon and Mrs. McMurray at the Rectory.

Mr. Allen Anderson, who has been spending his holidays in town, returned to Merriton last Saturday.

Miss Hodgins returned from Lakeside last week.

Miss Andrews of New York is the guest of Mrs. Chittenden of Riverside.

A very good cricket match was played on Friday of last week between the Chautauqua and Niagara teams, resulting in a victory for Niagara.

Mr. Arthur Gibb returned to New Haven on Wednesday of last week after a five days' visit here.

Mr. Wynden Strathy was among the visitors in town last Sunday.

Mr. Ebbles gave a most enjoyable recital at the Amphitheater last Wednesday evening, at which he was assisted by Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Ramsay, Miss M. Huston and Mr. T. Baker.

Mrs. Winnett has every reason to be proud of the result of her efforts last week in getting up a bazaar in aid of the Industrial room, Toronto. The extensive and prettily terraced lawns at the Queen's, which under all circumstances are beautiful, were unusually attractive with the gaily decked booths, at which useful and fancy articles, home-made candies, which rivalled Huyler's, and various other wares were offered for sale. And a ready sale they found, for numbers were present and everyone seemed in a generous humor, whether because of the sweet importunity of those who sold or the natural kind-heartedness of the willing victims it is difficult to say. A concert and tableaux vivant in the evening at which Miss Mitchell of Baltimore, Miss Edith Heward, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Ramsey, the Misses Winnett, Mr. W. Ferguson, Miss Henderson and a number of pretty little tots assisted added greatly to the large sum taken in during the afternoon. Thanks to Mrs. Winnett's efforts, and also to the many guests of the hotel who assisted her, the Industrial rooms will receive over a hundred dollars.

The following are a few of those present at last Saturday's hop at the Queen's: Mr. and Mrs. McGraw, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Lee, Mr. Porter Willett, Miss Hyde of Warsaw, Mr. C. and Miss Daisy Lansing, Mr. J. Gibb, Miss Dupont, Miss E. Jones, Mrs. Watts Lansing, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hunter, Mr. and Miss Colquhoun, Mr. Leonard McMurray, Miss Daisy and Mr. Louis McMurray, Mr. H. Watt, Mr. and the Misses Geddes, Miss Burnham, Mrs. and the Misses Meredith, Mr. E. and Mr. Percy Ball, Mr. Cawthra, Miss Beatty, Miss Gooderham, Mr. and the Misses Kingmill, Mr. W. Ferguson, Miss Milloy, Mrs. Hodgins, Miss Cameron, Miss Leys, the Misses Heward, Mr. and Mrs. W. Smith, Mr. H. Warner, Mr. Moulton, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Beatty, Mr. Colin Milloy, Mr. E. Kent, Mr. W. Hull, Mrs. Winn, Mr. M. Roblin, Mr. F. Gordon, Mr. H. E. Grant, Mr. and the Misses Russell, Mr. and Mrs. Albert of Baltimore, Capt. R. G. Dickson, Mr. and Mrs. Cameron, Miss M. Geale, Mr. Allan McLean Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Packard, Mr. E. Jones, Miss M. Thompson, Mr. J. B. McLean, Mr. I. Moulton, Mr. T. Wood, Miss Parsons, Mr. A. Barnard, Mr. Charles Butman, Mr. J. Foy, Mr. Nelles, Mr. Mee, Miss K. Ball, Miss Hyde, a very pretty blonde who was much admired, wore white *crepe de chine*, with her golden hair coiled in a low, loose knot; Mrs. Winnett, a very handsome gown of black lace and jet; Miss Geddes, pink nuns' veiling and white lace; Miss Heward, a very handsome and most becoming gown, which came from the world of fashion on the other side of the Atlantic. It was of pink silk *crepe*, handsomely embroidered in pale blue, over a pink silk petticoat. Miss Beatty, a dark blue yacht-suit trimmed in a distinctively military fashion with wide gold military braid; Miss Mabel Meredith, lavender silk; Mrs. Ball, cherry-colored silk trimmed with violet velvet; Miss Daisy Lansing, white dotted muslin; Mrs. Gibb, black and white china silk; Miss Russell, white silk, with a Frenchy little white hat; Miss Kingmill, who also wore her hat, was in blue and white; Miss Burnham wore a very pretty gown of silky material, in shade something between ashes of roses, and a pale green shot with peach pink; Miss Cameron, white silk.

Miss Hyde of Warsaw is the guest of Miss Daisy Lansing.

The comfortable little Lakeside Hotel, so prettily situated in its nest of trees close to the water's edge at Chautauqua, is becoming quite a favorite nook under Mr. Halliday's capable management. On one side of it is a thick, quiet wood, and more than once, to the amusement of the guests, a voice, heavy with tragedy or trembling with pathos, has proceeded from its depths, where a holidaying actor or a nervous

ous elocutionist has rehearsed his part before giving it to a critical audience. Mr. J. Geale Dickson will sail for England on the Vancouver to-morrow. GALATEA.

## Brockville.

A very pleasing event which had been looked forward to in society circles with great interest took place on Wednesday, July 26, when Miss Bertha Field, eldest daughter of the late Mr. R. A. Field, was united in marriage to Mr. A. D. Passmore, B.A. The ceremony was conducted by Rev. Dr. Saunders at Hertford Place, the beautiful residence of the bride's mother, in the presence of only the immediate relatives. The bride, who is a general favorite, looked charming in her *robe de noce*, and was attended by her sister, Miss Grace Field, as bridesmaid, while the duties of groomsmen were performed by Mr. S. F. Passmore, M.A., of Brantford, brother of the bridegroom. After the wedding there was a reception from 8.30 to 10.30 at which about one hundred and fifty invited guests, comprising the youth and beauty of Brockville society, were present. Amid hearty congratulations and good wishes the young couple left for the west by the midnight train while dancing and mirth continued at the house till the hours of morning. The wedding presents were unusually numerous and pretty.

## Port Dover.

This favorite summer resort is becoming more popular every season. The hotels are well filled as well as private boarding houses, while the cottages on Mart Hill and in Victoria Park and at Orchard Beach present a regular holiday appearance. Among those in cottages on Mart Hill are: Mrs. Weir and family and Mrs. and Miss Passmore of Brantford, Mrs. C. S. Mason and family of Hamilton, Mrs. and the Misses Wood of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Charles of Woodstock, the Misses Parker, Patullo, Ross, White and Cameron of Woodstock, Mr. G. Wells and family of Simcoe, Mrs. Fraser and family of London. At Victoria Park are Mr. A. D. Ellis and family of Simcoe, Mrs. O'Neil and family, Mrs. Morrison and family, of Woodstock, and Mr. William Trotter of Toronto.

An excursion to Erie by the steamer Columbia is being arranged for about August 7.

The Presbyterian Sunday schools of Woodstock had a large picnic at Orchard Beach last Monday. There were nine car loads.

Mr. and Mrs. Cowdry and family of Simcoe are in their summer cottage.

Mr. Ward Sovereign of Wisconsin is spending his holidays here.

Mrs. P. H. Gamble of Grimsby is spending a short time at home.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Crawford of Toronto are at Mrs. Wilson's.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cockshutt and family of Brantford are summering here.

Col. Tisdale of Simcoe is in town.

## Thornbury.

Miss Carrie Tyson, an honor graduate of Ontario College of Music, will leave shortly for Leipzig, Germany, where she will spend a couple of years in the pursuit of her studies, under the instruction of some of the best masters of Europe.

Mrs. B. B. Johnston of Vancouver, B. C., is spending the summer with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Andrews.

About three miles east of here is Delphi, one of the most popular family summer resorts of Northern Ontario. There are about one hundred guests there now, and festivities are at their highest, dances, straw rides and fishing expeditions following in rapid succession. Among the guests from Toronto at Delphi are: Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Rutter, Mrs. Torrance, Mr. and Mrs. Monahan, Mrs. Allie, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Denison, Mrs. M. R. Pringle, Mrs. A. E. Minkler, Mr. and Mrs. Langley Senell, Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Curry, Mrs. D'Arcy Boulton. From other places are Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Bryan, Mrs. J. B. West, Mrs. Red, Mrs. Halliday of New Orleans; Rev. and Mrs. J. G. Shearer, Miss McBean, Miss Edgar of Hamilton.

Mrs. Farewell gave a delightful progressive euchre party to a number of guests on Friday evening of last week, in honor of Mrs. N. M. Stanley of Dayton, Ohio. After a pleasant two hours spent at the euchre tables in Mrs. Farewell's prettily decorated parlors, a dainty supper was served. Among the guests were: Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Howe, Mr. and Mrs. R. Crossland, Mrs. B. B. Johnston of Vancouver, Mr. and Mrs. Boettinger, Mr. and Mrs. Dickinson, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Dyre, Mrs. G. B. Armstrong, Misses Ida and Lilly Grier, Miss Chateau of Toronto, Miss Beatty, Miss Rooke, Dr. Kent, Messrs. Will Howe, C. T. Wilgrees and A. S. Cross.

Mrs. J. E. Hutton and Miss Young have



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returned from their summer resort at Windermere, Muskoka. They were accompanied by Miss Stevenson of Aurora, who will be the guest of Miss Young for some weeks. Miss Chateau of Toronto is the guest of the Misses Grier. VACUNA.

## She Wasn't in It

As the train-rover entered the car all the male passengers promptly held up their hands. A woman seated near the door held hers up too. When the bandit noticed it he said: "Put 'em down, Mary; we ain't advertisin no actresses this trip."

## Overheard at the Island.

Rolling (of the T. A. C.)—Are you fond of athletics, Mr. Beedle? Beedle—Passionately. I beat Willie Castana four out of five games of checkers last week, and when I go back I've got two events with the dominoes to fight off.

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Our stock of Travelling Bags has been greatly reduced by recent sales. We have cabled repeat orders, and will receive goods during ensuing week.

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## The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb.

## Births.

WOODLAND—July 29, Mrs. Joshua Woodland—a son. BARTON—July 29, Mrs. Alfred Barton—a daughter. FRASER—July 28, Mrs. James Fraser—a son (stillborn). RAUTH—July 31, Mrs. Randolph Rauth—a daughter. KARE—July 26, Mrs. George Kare—a son. EDMONDS—July 19, Mrs. Charles Edmonds—a daughter. MAGAN—July 23, Mrs. G. P. Magan—a son. BRYEN—July 26, Mrs. Fred E. Bryen—a son. CASE—July 27, Mrs. Reginald Case—a son. KENNEDY—July 21, Mrs. D. Kennedy—a son. CAYELL—July 26, Mrs. W. R. Cayell—a son.

## Marriages.

BLACK-KNOX—At Edinburgh, Scotland, on the 26th of July, by Rev. Armstrong Black, brother of the bridegroom, Ebenezer Charlton, youngest son of the late Rev. John Black of Liddesdale, Scotland, to Agnes, youngest daughter of the late Mr. H. W. Knox of St. Marys. PASSMORE-FIELD—In Brockville, on July 26, A. D. Passmore B.A. to Bertha, eldest daughter of the late Mr. R. A. Field, of Brockville. SUTHERLAND-GREENLEES—At Holy Trinity, on Aug. 1, by Rev. Dr. Pearson, J. R. Sutherland to Lucy Greenlees, both of England. LAWRENCE-HARRIS—July 17, William Lawrence to Emily Harris. RYAN-WOODS—July 26, John Ryan to Annie Woods. LANCASTER-GRAY—July 26, W. F. Lancaster to May Pearl Gray. ROSS-SHIELDS—July 26, W. P. Ross to Maggie Shields. RICHARDSON-WESTLAKE—July 30, Hugh Richardson to Jessie Westlake. ARMSTRONG-BRODIE—July 31, Charles W. Armstrong to Violet Brodie. SHARPE-REID—July 16, William E. Sharpe to Margaret Reid. SUTHERLAND-GREENLEES—Aug. 1, J. R. Sutherland to Lucy Greenlees.

## Deaths.

GRIFFIN—Aug. 1, Margaret Griffin. LEY—July 31, Thomson Ley, aged 66. ARMSTRONG—July 29, Janet Armstrong, aged 78. BULL—July 28, William M. Bull, aged 14. MILROY—July 31, Robert Milroy. REEVE—July 31, Mrs. Sarah Reeve, aged 81. SCOTT—July 31, Ethel Carrie Scott. SNELLING—July 26, Dr. Richard Snelling. CARMICHAEL—July 27, Wm. P. Carmichael, aged 80. CAMERON—July 21, Alexander R. Cameron, aged 55. McDONALD—July 27, Margaret H. McDonald. WADE—July 27, Jennie Wade. MURPHY—July 26, William Murphy, aged 63. PERKINS—July 26, Mary Ann Perkins. COLEMAN—July 26, Dr. T. T. Coleman, aged 67.



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WALLIS—July 30, Wilson Wallis, aged 2 months. SYMONS—July 26, Andrie Symons. SCHREIBER—Aug. 1—Ostlie Marion Schreiber, aged 34. FARLINGER—July 31, Capt. Alex. Farlinger, aged 69.

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